McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908. | NO. 26

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

TAFT AND SHERMAN ARE THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

Both Gentlemen Were Nominated on the First Ballot.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY IS CERTAIN

With These Men as Standard Bearers —Strong Platform is Adopted— Roosevelt's Policies Will be Firmly Upheld.

Secretary of War William Howard Taft of Ohio and Congressman James S. Sherman of New York are the Republican nominees for President and Vice President respectively.

Mr. Taft was nominated by the Chicago convention late last Thursday afternoon on the first ballot. The vote stood: Taft, 702; Knox, 64; Hughes, 67; Cannon, 61; Fairbanks, 40; LaFollette, 25; Foraker, 16; Roosevelt, 3. Total, 980; necessary to elect, 491.

General Stewart L. Woodford, for Governor Hughes, moved to make the nomination of Mr. Taft unanimous. Senator Penrose for Knox and Congressman Boutelle for Cannon and representatives for the other candidates seconded the movement for a unanimous vote to the candidate.

Mr. Sherman was nominated Friday morning on the first ballot, practically all the Taft delegation voting for him. The vote stood: Sherman, 816; Murphy, 77; Guild, 76; Sheldon, 10; Fairbanks, 1; absent, 1.

Taft and Sherman will make a strong team and are as certain of victory this fall as anything in the future can be. Both of these gentlemen are well-known for their ability, sterling character, honesty and will carry out the policies of reform of our present President as perfectly as any men could outside of President Roosevelt himself.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PLATFORM.

The platform recites the achievements of the Republican party under the Roosevelt administration; demands equality of opportunity; declares unequivocally for revision of the tariff, fixing a maximum and minimum limit, so as to protect American industries and American labor; approves the Aldrich-Vreeland currency act and favors a permanent system of elastic currency; favors establishment of postal savings banks; endorses the President's policy for control of corporations, increase of powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission and amendment of Sherman law so as to allow railroads to enter into and publish agreements; pledges the party to do all in its power to lighten the burdens of labor; favors issuance of notice before writ of temporary injunction is issued; favors extension of free mail delivery; condemns disfranchisement of negro voters in the South; endorses the movement for the conservation of waterways and natural resources; favors continuance of naval and military policy; pledges protection to American citizens abroad; affirms the policy of extending foreign commerce; adheres to the doctrine of encouraging the merchant marine; commends increase of widows' pensions and the civil service laws; favors the establishment of a bureau of mines and mining; favors naturalization of properly qualified Porto Ricans; favors the immediate admission of New Mexico and Arizona as separate states; recommends that the centennial anniversary of Lincoln's birth, February 13, 1909, be celebrated throughout the country and concludes with a comparison of the fundamental difference between Democracy and Republicanism.

The anti-injunction plank as adopted by the committee and by the convention, reads:

"Court procedure—The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, the rules of precedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute and that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case, a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted."

Big Coal Order.

An agreement has been effected between the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg and the Canadian Pacific whereby the latter road will purchase from the former a minimum of 225,000 tons of bituminous coal a year for two years ending April 30, 1910. It is further stipulated that a maximum of 300,000 tons shall be supplied per annum, if such a large quantity is sought. Some fear is expressed by the Canadian Pacific officials that in case it may want deliveries on a large scale a little later in the season, the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg may be congested and short of equipment through improved business condition, and that difficulty will be experienced in supplying the Canadian carrier with sufficient fuel. The large order of the northern road will increase the tonnage of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg to a very profitable extent.—Gazette Times.

Subscribe for the MINER.

When Pals Must Part.

When two strong men, who've passed the bowl
and laughed at quib and jest—
Who've smoked their pipes, believed in life and
looked upon its best—
Who've ever been true when Failure claimed
the toll it takes from men—
Who've given each the other's hand and helped
him up again—
The world must turn aside nor heed the hunted tears that start,
When two such men shall reach the forks
where the best of pals must part!

"Old pal"—there lurks within the words a
meaning more than friend—
A pledge, a trust, a fellowship than only men
can blend;
They've shared their woes, their cheer and
smiles, alike the worst and best,
And pledged the world for what it's worth
and overlooked the rest;
They've drunk in silence 'round the board, and
seen, with heavy heart,
The time when they shall reach the forks
where best of pals must part.

They've passed the bowl and ever made of
Fate a happy jest,
But, comes a time when cheer is stilled and
Death becomes the guest—
Then two strong men shall clasp their hands
and, o'er the final ban,
Can look into each other's eyes and each can
see—a Man!
It is no woman's heart that quails, nor child-
ish fears that start,
When two such men stand at the forks where
the best of pals must part.

—John D. Wells, Buffalo News.

Windfall in Old Log Boom.

A windfall equivilent perhaps to $1,000,000 may come to the State when the old log boom, between DuBoistown and Nippono Park, in the West Branch, is demolished at the close of the present logging season. Within the limits of the 10 miles of cribs millions upon millions of feet of pine, oak and hemlock timber lie imbedded in the sand and mud of the river bottom—the accumulation of nearly half a century's dereliet sticks. Who is to have claim to this has become question of interest and of riches to be had.

The Pennsylvania forests of Clearfield, Cameron and Potter counties yielded pine trees as fine as ever cut anywhere, and a hundred of these if they be found locked in the river bed, would pay for the dredging of the entire boom space. In Cameron county but a few days ago the Central Lumber Company got $600 worth of lumber out of a single pine tree, and at this rate the old boom promises a golden yield.

But the very interesting question arises to whom does this sunken lumber belong? At no time have the logs been the property of the Susquehanna Boom Company, whose corporate functions are to catch, hold and deliver to their rightful owners all floating logs, levying therefore a certain salvage. Some of these old logs, when they have been raised, will have on them the mill-marks of firms and individuals that have long since gone to their reward, and the contention is made that the profit from these must revert to the State. If the work of recovering the sunken logs is once begun the probability is that there will be a keen lookout for sticks bearing the marks of owners who are still living and who hope to reap a late-day harvest from the long-lost derelicts.—Wellsboro Gazette.

Biggins-Campbell Nuptials.

At 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, June 23, 1908, at St. Elizabeth's church, Rev. J. F. Dugan united in marriage Miss Frances Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Campbell of this place, to Dr. P. E. Biggins, son of former County Commissioner James Biggins of Barden Brook. Low-nuptial mass was solemnized.

Miss. Orra Campbell, sister of the bride, and John Biggins, brother of the groom, were the attendants. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, and at 9:00 o'clock they left on the Shawmut for an extended wedding trip, after which they will take up their residence in Philadelphia where Dr. Biggins is permanently located.

For the past four years Miss Campbell has been a teacher in the public schools of this place, where she made many friends. The groom is a young physician and is connected with a Philadelphia hospital.

The happy young couple have the congratulations and best wishes of their many friends in this vicinity.

Notice to Painters.

The directors of the Keating township School District give notice that bids will be received by the Secretary for the painting of any or all school houses in Keating township, on or before July 15. Paint to be used to be composed of pure linseed oil. Bids will be received with Keating township furnishing paint, also with contractors furnishing paint. Said directors of school district reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

H. D. OTTO, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2.

On July 4th the Kushequa Route will run a special train, leaving Smethport at 8:45 a. m. for Mt. Jewett. Return train will leave Mt. Jewett at 11 p. m. Fare round trip 75 cents, including admission to the ball game.

LOST—On the road between Robbins brook and Smethport, Tuesday evening, a mud chain for the rear wheel of an automobile. Finder will confer a great favor by leaving it at this office.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Charley McCoy, one of the drafted men from this borough, has shown himself every wit a patriot. Against the earnest solicitation of many of his friends and all his enemies, and the enemies of his government, he has accepted Uncle Sam's call and is now among the defenders of our flag. From the moment he received the notice of his being drawn he said: "Uncle Abe wants me or he would not have called me, and I am going." When told that his "patriotism would flag when he come to the blues and knapsacks and that he would fall back on his greenbacks," he only answered by saying, "There are just as good men as I, wearing these, who have marched through the campaigns of more that two years, and if I live to the time when I get the opportunity, I'll help them." Again and again was he offered the $300 with which to pay his commutation, but all to no effect. When the time came to report, he went without a single word of complaint, drawed his uniform, shouldered his knapsack and gun, and now marches to the tune of "Hail Columbia." If Charley lives—as we earnestly hope he may—to see this Rebellion crushed, his parents, brothers and sisters and friends will sing praises to his patriotism and bless the hour he joined the Army of the Republic, and if he dies or falls in battle, his example will be emulated and his patriotism cherished by the wise and good for all time to come.

A few days since Gen. Butler sent out a force consisting of two brigades of infantry, four regiments of cavalry and twelve pieces of artillery for the purpose of making a sudden dash into Richmond and releasing our braves who have been so long incarcerated in the prisons of that city. They took the old McClellan route up the Peninsula. When within ten or twelve miles of the city, the cavalry which was considerably in the advance, came upon serious obstructions, and it was then ascertained that the rebels had been notified of the advance of our troops by a deserter from our ranks. The troops were consequently compelled to retire and abandon the expedition. The following statement will give a faint idea of the consternation which filled the minds of the people of Richmond when the news reached that city that our troops were approaching:

Two citizen prisoners who came down to Fortress Monroe from Richmond, having been exchanged through the interposition of Mr. Perriton, say Richmond was in a feverish state of excitement from midnight on Saturday up to the time they left, at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. At midnight, on Saturday, the bells of the city were rung, and men were rushing through the streets crying "To arms! To arms! The Yankees are coming!" During the remainder of the night an intense commotion was everywhere visible. The Home Guards were called out, and the tramp of armed men could be heard in all directions. Cannons were hauled through the streets, women and children were hurrying to and fro, and there were all the evidences of such a panic as had seldom been witnessed in Richmond. On Sunday morning there was no abatement in the excitement. The guards were all marched out of the city to the defenses and the armed citizens placed on guard over the prisoners. Horsemen were dashing to and fro, and the excitement among the prisoners to know the cause of all this commotion became intense. It was soon learned that a large cavalry and infantry force, with artillery, had made their appearance on the Peninsula at Bottom's Bridge, within ten miles of the city, and that Richmond was actually threatened by the Yankees. The same hurrying of troops, arming of citizens, and excitement among the women and children continued during the morning. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the prisoners were about to leave in the truce boat, alarm bells were again rung with great fury, and they left a scene of confusion and turmoil such as they had never before witnessed in the city. The rumors that prevailed were conflicting and wild. It was their impression that 5,000 or 10,000 cavalry would have found but little difficulty in entering the city, liberating the prisoners, destroying the forts and public property, and returning by the Peninsula before any sufficient force to resist them could be brought to the aid of the small garrison left to defend it. For several days previous to this alarm the troops in and around the city, to the number of 4,000 or 5,000, had been sent off to join Lee's army with great dispatch, the impression prevailing that a movement was contemplated by General Meade. In this they were right, as, during the progress of the excitement on Sunday, intelligence was received that Meade had crossed the Rapidan. On Monday morning a courier arrived at City Point bringing copies of the morning papers with the intelligence that the excitement had abated, and that it had been ascertained that the Yankees were falling back from the Chickahominy, and had abandoned the attack.

Promise of Prosperity.

Growth of confidence and revival of industry began before the meeting of the Republican national convention and continued coincident with it. Intelligent observers, most of them very much interested in a full resumption of industry, consider that the prospect is good. If any persons covered under the designation of "big interests" have promised to do their best to start things, says the Pittsburg Times, it is because they expect that it will be profitable to do so, and for no other reason. Representations that they have promised to do so for political effect is the sort of fiction that would be complimented by calling it idiocy. And yet there are fictionists who get such stories into print. They are the same who within recent memory endeavored to fasten capital crimes on persons who are able, fortunately for themselves, to prove alibis and avoid the halter.

There is a certain relationship, as we all know, between business and political condition. If political conditions are economically unsound business is on an insecure foundation. Politicians may not for the sake of the effect of their action on business, but sane men do not do business for mere political effect. And the men who are conducting the business of the country will at least average as much sanity as any similar number of men picked haphazard. Confidence has returned and there are signs of improvement, and confidence and improvement are because of the soundness of fundamental conditions. There has been nothing of a political nature to impair them. Nothing occurred at Chicago to do so. The interest taken in the Chicago convention by men who bulk large in business and finance was only of the same kind and quality as that of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of men of lesser magnitude who were at Chicago, watching the convention proceedings, and of millions who looked on from a distance. The nation had this interest in the proceedings that if anything of a revolutionary character had occurred a shock would have occurred throughout the length and breath of the land which would have been manifested in a new and general disposition to take in sail and make things snug for a storm; in living to the present only, and making no important commitments for the future. Had the convention, for example, nominated either William J. Bryan or Eugene Debs, or borrowed the platform of either to stand its nominee on, it would have spelled ruin, less because of hostility of "big interests" to such action than because of the demoralizing effect on the countless little interests upon which the big ones depend.

The promise of prosperity is in the same course of the delegates of the Republicans of the country expressed in their declaration of party principles. The platform maintains unimpaired the basis upon which rests the national superstructure of industry, finance and commerce. That is what was expected. Because it was expected business began to improve weeks ago with the clearing away of the wreckage of the late panic. The expected has happened. Because it has happened improvement will continue. That is all there is to it.

It does not rest with a few men to say whether this nation shall or shall not be prosperous generally, though their acts may have large influence in the rough bowing of particular events. And even if it were in the power of a few to say whether the nation should or should not prosper, isn't it likely that they would find prosperity a good investment regardless of politics or politicians.

We are about to re-enter a period of prosperity because all the conditions are favorable to it, and not because any set of men promise it. Consumption has gone on during the period of depression until the markets are swept almost clean. To meet the demand of consumers production must increase. The longer the delay in the beginning the more insistent the demand. It is the old story of demand and supply. In the face of demand which will soon become loud preparations must be made to meet it with the right answer. They are being made. There is where prosperity shows itself.

Automobiles for Sale.

I have a four-cylinder Ford touring car, which will be demonstrated in Smethport to prospective buyers. Also several other second-hand cars in Buffalo.

J. COOPER HUFFMAN,
25tf Smethport, Pa.

Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 552, Cuba, N. Y.

Big cuts or little cuts, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Be sure to get DeWitts. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

Selections

POLICE SPIES IN PARIS.

Legitimist Leader Mystified Over Revelation by Prefect Lepine.

Paris (Il Blas gives the world an illustration of the workings of the French secret police in an anecdote which it publishes with an assurance that the incident happened recently.

A distinguished member of Parisian society sent out invitations for a large soiree at his house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He is a Legitimist, and it was hardly concealed that the gathering was to have a certain political significance.

As soon as he heard of it Police Prefect Lepine called upon the host and, with the utmost politeness solicited a couple of invitations for agents on his staff.

"M. le Comte," said he, "I give you my word of honor the men to whom I intrust them will look like perfect gentlemen; they will act like gentlemen—in a word, they will be worthy of the honor you confer on them by making them your guests."

The count was very haughty, however. He explained with ill concealed disdain that his party would be made up of the truest blood in France and any outsider would be at once conspicuous.

M. Lepine appeared to be convinced; at least he yielded the point gracefully, merely adding: "At least, M. le Comte, you will allow me to see the list of your guests. My duty compels me to know who will be there."

M. le Comte made no objection. He produced the list, and Lepine scanned it carefully. He was wreathed in smiles as he returned it. With many bows he apologized for having troubled M. le Comte.

"It was so unnecessary," said he, "I really would have no use for those invitations. I see that M. le Comte already has on his list of guests the names of five of my most trusted observers."

The count and his friends have been wondering ever since whether this was the fatty tree or whether it was a shrewd device to render the gathering innocuous.

Quick Changes.

London Tit-Bits tells how J. Pierpont Morgan astounded Lutetia by leaving the pope until [illegible] half an hour. The queen [illegible] the appointment for [illegible] o'clock and the pope for 11:15 o'clock on the same morning. The difficulty of the task was increased owing to the fact that etiquette prescribes that for the queen's audience Mr. Morgan should appear in a frock coat with a fancy tie and his daughter, who was to accompany him, should appear in a light colored walking gown, with an appropriate hat, while the etiquette of the Vatican prescribed for Mr. Morgan evening dress and a white tie and for the lady a black gown and a black lace veil over her hair, both to be ungloved and unjeweled. A quick change artist might have made light of this matter. Even Mr. Morgan and his daughter effected the transformation in five minutes after a twenty minutes' interview with the queen, and a fast motor did the rest.

How He Made Money Fly.

"Though not a rich man, and not overinclined to waste money, nevertheless I spent cash with a recklessness that was of the Monte Cristo order while on a tour of Latin American countries recently," said Professor J. C. Everett of Harvard university.

"It was in the United States of Colombia, where my prodigality reached its zenith. Meeting an old friend, I asked him to dine with me, and when I came to settle cheerfully paid a check that called for $250. Then I tipped the waiter to $50 and paid $100 for two extra fine cigars. Those figures are absolutely true, but it is proper to state that the cost of my dinner was estimated in the currency of the country and that it stood me in reality only $9.80, a dollar in our United States money being worth $100 of the Colombia. So it was that the waiter got a right valuation only to cents, and the two perfectos went off cheap on our Yankee basis."—Baltimore American.

Curious Double Rainbow.

Of a curious double rainbow an observer says in a letter to the London Times: "On March 14 last, while on the voyage between Jamaica and the Isthmus of Panama at 11 a. m., the sun being then nearly in the zenith, a double rainbow of brilliant coloring appeared, forming a complete circle round the sun, the inner bow being some distance from the sun, the outer bow being about an equal distance from the inner. A clear horizon showed no signs of rain. Neither the captain nor any other soul on board had ever seen a similar phenomenon. The outer bow faded gradually away and then the inner bow."

A Real Sinecure.

The most striking political sinecure in England is the property of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, lord great chamberlain to his majesty King Edward. Only on two occasions does he have to don the robes of office when parliament opens and on those rare occasions when there is a coronation. And his salary is $22,500 a year. When the king starts the legislative mill the lord great chamberlain is master of ceremonies. At coronations he is the most dignified, gorgeous and glorified of all the titled flunkies that dance attendance upon the sovereign.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping-cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

RENTS IN NAPLES.

Landlords Fighting a League of Tenants Who Won't Pay.

"I certainly couldn't agree to have charge of a rental department in Naples if all I hear about tenants over in that part of the world is true," observed a real estate man who recently visited Naples, in Italy.

"From what I hear, the legal means afforded the landlords of Naples for the collection of their rents would seem rather amusing and a bit exasperating if in vogue in this country.

"There is a league of tenants who haven't paid any rent in six months. There are about 2,000 in the league, and they adopted the simple plan of refusing to pay rent at all unless they obtained certain reductions that they asked for, a plan something similar to the one tried out in New York.

"The landlords first attempted eviction, but they failed, as the police declared that they were unable to evict 2,000 families who meant fight and expressed a willingness to stand a siege. Next the landlords brought suit in the civil courts. The case coming on for trial, the landlords rejoiced when none of the 2,000 defendants appeared. Their joy was not destined to endure, for at the last moment a woman defendant presented herself and announced that she had a defense to the cause of the action against her. Under the law rather a curious one, it would seem the woman was given a month to prepare her defense, and this appears to have held the other 1,999 cases in abeyance. At the expiration of another month a new defendant appeared, and the cases were again adjourned for thirty days. As of the latest report there remained some 1,995 defendants to report and secure a postponement, every body connected with the numerous suits may well be dead before a hearing is reached. In the meantime the tenants are paying no rent, and the landlords are sad."—Pittsburg Press.

A Pathetic Love Story.

How many people are aware that the marriage of the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, the czar's mother, who is at present in England visiting her sister, Queen Alexandra, and who hopes to make her home in England, resembled one of the most pathetic love stories in the annals of royalty? As a matter before the princess, who was Princess Dagmar of Denmark, married Alexander III. she was engaged to his elder brother, the czarewitz. In 1865 at Nice the czarewitz, Duke Nicholas fell from his horse and was so badly injured that his physicians despaired of his recovery. Dagmar hastened to him and never left his side till he breathed his last. The czarewitz on his deathbed entrusted to the Grand Duke Alexander, the friend of the czarewitz, who in the presence of the emperor and empress placed the hand of the weeping princess into his, saying to her with almost his last words, "Marry my brother; he is truly heavenly, and I wish it." Influenced by political reasons, this bequest was law to the bereaved girl.

Odd Duel in Midair.

"For some months past," said a New Jersey lady, "I have been finding dead chickens nearly every day. One day I found thirty with their throats cut, and the neighbors said it was the work of a weasel. Yesterday morning I was taking the chicken census when a spike-tailed hawk swooped down and grabbed something from the ground. As it rose I could see that it wasn't a chicken. I had seen that hawk carry off chicks on previous visits. This time the hawk circled above my head and screamed lustily. She appeared to be in pain and anxious to get rid of her passenger. At last the bird hovered to the ground dead, clutched in its claws was a weasel. The hawk had bored the weasel's heart, but the plucky little animal had ripped part of its opponent's wing away. I touched the weasel with my toe, thinking it was dead. With the last gasp it bit me below the ankle!"—New York World.

Butted the Locomotive.

Elephants are one of the perils of railroad life in Indo-China. The Bangkok Times says that when the morning train from Bangkok was near Ban Kolyan an elephant walked out of the jungle on to the track. The engineer sounded the whistle, but the elephant, trumpeting loudly, lowered his head and charged the oncoming train. So great was the impact that the elephant was killed on the spot and the engine derailed and badly damaged. The elephant's tusks were snapped off, but when a search was made for them they could not be found. Some one had walked off with them.

Cross Examining Him.

Mr. Davidson, superintendent of the Pacific schools, addressing a class of teachers in Elk county, told a story about John MacDonald of Topeka, editor of the Western School Journal. He said that Mr. MacDonald while traveling met an old Scotch friend in Chicago. "Will you take a glass of grog?" inquired his friend. "Thank you ever so much, but I don't use spirits," was the response. "Well, then, hae a cigar." "I don't smoke, either," was MacDonald's response. "I see ye hae no vices," commented his friend; "hae ye anny virtues?"—Kansas City Star.

American Tourists.

The wealth of "Croesus or of Ind" is not nowadays to be compared with that of America—at least, in European eyes. The number of Americans in Europe has risen during the past year from 125,000 to 150,000. It is calculated that American tourists disburse in Switzerland alone what amounts to $10 for every inhabitant of that country.—Nuova Antologie, Rome.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

HIS TURN CAME.

The Way the Liquor Man Got Even With the Cashier.

Moore, [illegible], lived in Rutland, Vt., [illegible] to the same name, which [illegible] will call W. O. Jones. One of these men was a happy-go-lucky chap, the other was engaged in running a cigar store with a saloon attachment in the rear. This was in the days of prohibition in Vermont. Every three or four weeks the latter Jones would be hailed into the police court and fined for liquor selling, which was chronicled regularly in the daily papers. The bank teller grew nervous about it, and one morning this announcement appeared: "W. O. Jones, the popular young bank teller of the Rutland National bank, wishes it to be understood that he is in no way connected with the saloon keeper and hopes their names may not be confounded."—

Now, it transpired that a few months afterward this young teller failed to appear one morning at his accustomed window at the bank. Upon a hasty examination it was found that $15,000 or more of the funds of the bank had also disappeared. The wires were called into requisition immediately, and after a few days he was located in Denver. It was the old story. He was brought back, incarcerated, tried, etc.

It was now the saloon keeper's turn, and this notice was duly published in the same paper that issued the previous one: "W. O. Jones, the widely known business man of Merchants' row, wishes it to be understood that he is in no way connected with W. O. Jones, the defaulting bank teller now in jail, and hopes their names may not be confounded."—Exchange.

THE TURNED UP MUSTACHE.

It Originated in Spain at the Court of Philip IV.

The German emperor, William II., is generally regarded as the inventor of the turned up mustache. This is true only as far as introducing it as a fashion. It was invented at the court of Philip IV., about 1625. That monarch was the first to wear his mustache turned upward. From the Spanish court the fashion spread over all Europe. Charles I. of England, Philip's brother-in-law, personally imported it. The Austrian Hapsburgs adopted it. It came to Belgium and was introduced into Germany by the Spanish soldiers during the Thirty Years' war.

It was also found in Sweden as well as in France under Louis XIII. Under Louis XIV the beard went out of fashion, and during the time of Bonaparte the elegant would have only chin shaven [illegible] until the French revolution brought the mustache again into use. But nowhere except in his Spanish home did the mustache flourish so extravagantly as with the German emperor and his imitators.

In Spain all kinds of artificial means, such as bandages and coverings, were employed to compel the mustache to keep this unnatural upward position, and in looking at the paintings of Velasquez or Murillo one can easily understand that without such coercion luxuriously a true full blooded Spaniard could never have combed his ideal mustaches.—Minneapolis Journal.

In the House of Commons.

In the days of Burke, Pitt and Fox members of the house of commons used to relieve the tedium of debate by sucking oranges and cracking nuts while lying full length on the benches. Sir Brougham made his great six hours' speech on law reform in 1828 with a basket of oranges by his side for refreshment. Joseph Hume found solace in pears, which he took from his hat during the hour, leaning the while against his favorite post. No wonder oranges were so popular, since their vendor tone of them at any rates was a picturesque girl who used to sit with her wares in the lobby, attired in a "sprigged muslin gown with a gauze neckerchief" or in the glory of "clean white silk stockings, Turkey leather shoes and pink silk petticoat, becomingly short."—Westminster Gazette.

The Tarantula.

Whether the tarantula is ever a death dealer or not is a disputed point. However, there seems to be no doubt that the bite of the spider-like creature inflicts one of the most painful wounds that the human body can endure. Stolid Indians who have borne the tortures of the sun dance without flinching have been known to roll upon the ground and shriek in agony when bitten by a tarantula, which leaves a livid scar that never grows dim. It is possible that the tarantula bite sometimes proves fatal, although it is difficult to find a well authenticated instance of this kind.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Even Buds Grow Old.

According to a government botanist at Washington, there is reason to believe that buds share in the growing old of the parent plant. He illustrates his meaning in this way: Suppose the average life of an individual plant—say a tree—to be 100 years; then a bud removed when the parent plant is fifty years old will also be virtually fifty years of age and if transplanted by grafting will be able to live on the graft only fifty years more.

She Knew.

Applicant—No, ma'am; I couldn't work in a house where there were children. Mrs. Keogh—But we advertised for a girl who understand 'em, ma'am. Applicant—I do understand 'em, ma'am. That's why I won't work where they are.—Illustrated Bits.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed.—Young

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed cure right away in Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children as it's pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative and expelling phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Humor

SHE MEANT WELL.

But Put a Damper on the Young Man's Enthusiasm.

The young man who aspires to the intense was walking with the young woman who doesn't quite understand all he says, but nevertheless thinks it is simply grand.

"Look on the glories of the western sky!" he exclaimed.

She seemed puzzled for a minute and said:

"Let me see, you face the north—that's the way our house fronts—and then on your right hand is east and on your left is west. Why, it's the direction we're walking, isn't it?"

He looked a trifle gloomy, but resigned:

"How the great masses of color are piled one upon another in nature's lavish and transcendent art!"

"Yes," she sighed. "It makes me think of Neapolitan ice cream."

"And there, close and closer to the horizon, sinks a great crimson ball, the setting sun."

"Right over there?"

"Yes."

"Straight ahead of us?"

"To be sure."

"Well, I've been wondering about that for the last five minutes. You know, my little brother is so mischievous. He broke my glasses this afternoon, and I'm so nearsighted that I couldn't be sure whether that was the crimson setting sun or somebody playing golf."—Washington Star.

The Jackass and Debs.

Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, tells the following story on himself:

"I was to address a public meeting, and there was intense prejudice against me, so the young man who had to introduce me thought he would try to disarm it.

"Debs is hated by some people, he said, because he has been in strikes. This is not right. It is the law of nature to defend yourself. Why, even a dog will growl if you try to deprive him of the bone he is gnawing, a goat will butt if you get in his way, and you all know what a jackass will do if you meddle with him. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Debs, who will now address you."—Success Magazine.

The Farmer's Sign.

According to the Atlanta Constitution a Georgia farmer posted this sign on his front gate:

"Candidates will pass on. No time to talk to 'em."

One morning his little boy shouted from the garden walk:

"There's one o' them candidates here, an' he says he'll come in anyhow!"

The old man looked toward the gate and said:

"Let him in. There's no harm to him. I know him. He's been runnin' ever since the war—jest to be a-runnin'. It runs in his blood, an' he can't help it!"

Too Mountainous.

"Yes," said Slangey; "I tramped through Switzerland once."

"Come off!" exclaimed Dowter. "You never did."

"Sure I did; on the level."

"That proves you're lying. It's simply impossible to tramp through Switzerland on the level."—Catholic Standard and Times.

During the Ordeal.

"Beaker is the most absentminded chap I ever met."

"What did he do?"

"The last time he got into a barber's chair he planned the newspaper round his neck and began to read the towel."—Judge.

Necessary.

The Old Lady—Little boy, aren't you ashamed to smoke those awful cigarettes?

The Mick—Sure! But me money's tied up in de banks an' I've had to cut out me Havanas.—Cornell Widow.

The Exception.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to fire your friend Polk. I never saw any one quite so lazy."

"Well," replied the tight rope, "it doesn't come any more natural to him than to me. We both have to be lazy."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Swift For Him.

Mrs. Stubb—Gracious, John! We never will get through with this housecleaning. Why, you have only moved five pictures in the last fifteen minutes.

Mr. Stubb—Well, great Pluto, Maria, I'm no moving picture machine!—Pittsburg Post.

Figuring It Out.

"But remember, my dear, that you and I are one."

She looked at him scornfully.

"One!" she echoed. "Nonsense. We are 10. I'm the one, and you are the cipher."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Word of Excuse.

Ascum—I've often wondered what a diplomat really means when he speaks of "expediency."

Wise—Usually it means that his diplomacy has failed.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Chasing the Coin.

Tom—Yes; he married her because she was wealthy, but I understand she has led him a merry chase ever since.

Jack—In other words, she is giving him a run for her money.—Detroit Tribune.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DAY OF THE CIRCUS HORSE.

It was a fiery circus horse
That ramped and stamped and neighed
Till every creature on his course
Fled, frightened and dismayed.
The chickens on the fence's edge
Arose and flung their wings
And, making for the sheltering hedge,
Flew off like crazy things.

Nor iron gates nor fences barred
That mettled steed's career.
It galloped right across our yard
And filled us all with fear,
And when it tossed its head and ran
Straight through the pantry door
Cook almost dropped her frying pan
Upon the kitchen floor.

It neighed and pranced and whooled about,
And scampered off, but then
We scarcely saw the creature out
When it was in again.
And so throughout the livelong day
Through house and yard and street
That charger held its fearsome way
And only stopped to eat.

But when at dusk a little lame,
It slowly climbed the stairs,
Behold, a gentle lady came
And made it say its prayers!
Now, what a wondrous change you see!
Shh! Come and take a peep.
Here lies, as tame as tame can be,
A little boy asleep.
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

The Incorrigible Widow.

The Doctor's Wife—Well, Jane, so your poor husband's gone at last. Didn't you give him his medicine properly?

Jane—Ah, poor, dear, how could I? Doctor said as how it was to be took in a recumbent position, an' I hadn't got one. I asked Mrs. Green to lend me one. She said she 'ad one, but it was broke. So it were no good.—Sketch.

Real Circus.

"What are you laughing so much about, Bobby?" asked the other.

"Just been to a one ring circus," chuckled Bobby.

"But, as a rule, one ring circuses are not funny, Bobby."

"Oh, this one was. I was under the gate while Sister Sue's beau was slippin' the ring on her finger, and just as he kneeled on the ring I stuck a toothpick into his shin, and he jumped six feet, knocked over the cuckoo clock, started off the burglar alarm, and the bull pup chased him out of the window. Don't you call that a circus?"—Chicago News.

He Had It Bad.

They were sitting on a log in the old lane.

"Ah, dearest," he whispered, moving closer, "I can see the love lights in your eyes."

And she laughed long and loud.

"Why, you silly boy, you should see an eye specialist," she giggled.

"Why so?"

"Because what you see are a couple of fireflies."—Minneapolis Journal.

Looking For the Fifth.

The leading lady passed down the avenue, with her speckled bull pup.

"That's the star," whispered the sweet singer.

"Star, eh?" laughed the low comedian. "Then I'll call her Jupiter. She has had four moons."

"Four moons?"

"Yes, honeymoons."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

At the Circus.

"Why," exclaimed the center pole to the tight rope, "that fellow walks on you just as easy as can be; seems to come natural to him."

"Well," replied the tight rope, "it doesn't come any more natural to him than to me. We both have to be taut."—Philadelphia Press.

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Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
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Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

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and

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Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible

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Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

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Roofing and building material

Dairy Supplies Barb Wire and Nails

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 25, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—One week from Saturday is the Fourth.

—Dance at the Lyceum every Saturday night.

—McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 15, 16, 17 and 18.

—Sunday, June 28, there will be an eclipse of the sun. Get your smoked glasses ready.

—The St. Elizabeth's Auxiliary will hold a cooked food sale in the old rooms Saturday afternoon, beginning at three o'clock.

—The Lindholm Co. in a new ad to-day, tell of its semi-annual clearance sale which starts next Saturday and continues for three weeks.

—The dry goods and clothing stores of this place will keep open Monday nights as well as Saturday evenings. They close at 6:15 o'clock all other nights.

—The new Erie bridge at Belfast, N. Y., has been accepted by the Erie officials. It is one of the largest bridges in the United States, being over a mile long.

—W. P. Dornow of Wellsville on Saturday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to H. H. Rockwell of Wellsville, an undivided one-fourth interest in the Coats Oil Company leases of 17 wells, located near Allentown, N. Y.

—The Clare Willard stock farm of 227 acres, located one mile west of Allegany N. Y., on the trolly line, was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Mrs. Annie N. Smith of Olean, N. Y. The deal includes 87 head of stock and immediate possession. This is the finest farm between Olean and Warren on the Allegany river. As part payment for the property, Mr. Willard took over some Olean real estate owned by Mrs. Smith.

—A bad accident happened at St. Marys Monday night at about 8 o'clock on the P., S. & N. R. R. An engine was doing some switching at the Barrel Stave factory, and it is claimed the track was in bad order, and when the engine was coming out it tipped over, pinning the engineer, Larry Mullaney, under it. He was held there nearly five hours before released. He died at about 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mr. Mullaney is survived by a wife and infant child. The conductor received a badly sprained ankle.

—At St. Raphael's parsonage, Saturday evening, at 9:30, Rev. Father Mackin united in marriage George Hermann, of Hazelhurst and Miss Celena Lambillotte, of Eldred. Witnesses present were Wm. Edger and Mrs. Wm. Fitzpatrick. Both of the young people are well known in Eldred and have the best wishes of all for their future happiness.—Eldred Eagle.

—J. W. Allison, of St. Louis, was out yesterday conferring with the Eldred window glass management. Work tearing down the tank will begin next week. The proposition of selling the Kerrin plant to those of the other company who do not wish to move, fell through, at a meeting yesterday. A controlling interest of the stock was offered them at 30c on a $1 but, for some reason, it was not accepted, and the Kerrin management advises the Eagle to-day that the stock would not be sold now at par, or any price. It is probable that the removal will take about 65 families; 11 of which went this week, or intend to go.—Eldred Eagle.

—The stork disappears, and we look into the cradle and behold a male child. After running the gauntlet of measles, mumps and chicken pox he enters school. At the age of 10 he is the terror of the neighborhood. At 12 he is apprenticed in a printing office. At 18 he has acquired two cases of long primer type and an Army press and is the editor of a country newspaper. At 20 he is married. At 30 he is bald-headed stoop shouldered and is the father of a large family. At 35 he is a corpse in a cheap pine coffin, and as 500 delinquent subscribers file past for the last look they are heard to say: "He was a good fellow, but he could not save his money."—Ex.

Nature has provided the stomach with certain natural fluids known as the digestive juices, and it is through these juices that the food we eat is acted upon in such a way as to produce the rich, red blood that flows through the veins of our body and thereby makes us strong, healthy and robust, and it is the weakening of these digestive juices that destroys health. It is our own fault if we destroy our own health, and yet it is so easy for any one to put the stomach out of order. When you need to take something take it promptly, but take something you know is reliable—something like Kodol For Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Kodol is pleasant to take, it is reliable and is guaranteed to give relief. It is sold by L. L. Hogarth.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that has any such professional endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable.

A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Grange News.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

Memorial services were well attended at the hall June 20, by the members, each bearing his tribute of flowers until the master's, chaplain's court ladies', lecturer's and overseer's stands and the altar were filled to overflowing, filling the room with their fragrance.

Important business was transacted, such as balloting for candidates, initiation in first and second degrees, communications from State Grange, talk on farmers' telephone lines, etc.

After recess came lecturer's hour which was of the nature designed and very impressive, consisting of prayer by Mrs. J. Smith, singing by the Grange, reading and speaking called by the lecturer and responses given by Brothers Peterson and Gary and Sisters Cook and Stull and others. The Biography of Wit McCord, written by J. C. Stull and read by Sister Geny Day, the former not being present, made a hit. A letter addressed to the Grange, through Mrs. J. C. Stull from Worthy State Master W. F. Hill was read, which upon motion was acknowledged by a rising vote of thanks from the Grange. The grand drill march concluded the evening's exercises.

A goodly number of the Patrons met Sunday noon and distributed the flowers on the graves. Among those who came to distribute the flowers was Brother Geny Day, this being the first time that he has met with the members since his illness.

Supper will be served in the Grange the 27th, and a large class will receive the third and fourth degrees. Vistors from our sister Granges are welcome.

General News.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Silas Rickard, a boy, Friday, June 19.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Norton, a girl, Thursday, June 18.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Harrison Valley are visiting at the home of his son, Bert Smith.

Miss Millie Patterson of Smethport was visiting at the home of her brother, L. A. Patterson, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Kent of Lima, Ohio, is the guest at the home of her uncle, H. D. Otto.

The appearance of D. W. Derby's house is very much improved since having a new coat of paint.

L. A. Patterson is making improvements on his barn by adding a new bay and will give it and his house a new roof.

A National Trait.

A traveler returning from Jaffa tells this tale at his own expense. Having journeyed to the historical seaport on his way to Jerusalem, he succeeded in hiring a conveyance to carry him to the station. By speech and gesture he informed the native driver that he wished to be carried in a leisurely, sightseeing fashion through as many as possible of the principal thoroughfares of Jaffa and to be delivered at the terminal just in time to take the outgoing train.

He had no sooner seated himself in the vehicle, however, than the driver whipped up his horse and whirled the dismayed traveler at a furious pace through all the dust and over all the stones of the notoriously rough streets of Jaffa. The passenger was too busily employed in saving his bones to be able to see anything of the interesting town.

Arriving at the station, he found that he still had two hours to wait.

"Why in the world," he demanded indignantly, "did you ever hurry like that?"

"You American," responded the driver, with an expressive shrug. "All American like go very much fast."—Youth's Companion.

Ancient Waterworks.

Hezekiah, king of Judah, who reigned in the years 717 to 688 B. C., was a pioneer in constructing a system of waterworks, bringing water into the city of Jerusalem. In the holy book we read: "He made the pool and conduit and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works." From the "pools of Solomon," near Bethlehem, water was conveyed to Jerusalem, a distance of six or seven miles, through a conduit of earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter. The pipe was inclosed within two stones, hewn out to fit it, then covered over with rough stones cemented together. Even in those days "boil the water" was a well known injunction.

Alphabetical.

Two commercial travelers in a railway carriage entered into conversation.

One of them tried hard to make the other understand something, but he was either very hard of hearing or slow in believing.

At last his friend lost his temper and exclaimed: "Why, don't you see? It's as plain as A B C!"

"That may be," said the other; "but, you see, I am D E F."

A Fatal Disease.

A celebrated general once inquired of one of his soldiers the cause of his brother's death.

"My brother died, sir," replied the soldier, "because he had nothing to do."

"Well, my man," said the general, "that is reason enough to kill the greatest general of us all."—Exchange.

A Particular Patient.

"Are you sure that is what is the matter with me?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you'll have to guess again, doctor. I won't have it. It's too common a complaint."—New York Press.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, are sold by L. L. Hogarth.

Hoyle.

Hoyle was not really the inventor of whist, although often so stated to be, but he was the first who introduced scientific whist to the public. A recent authority says that very little is known of Hoyle's personal history except that he was a barrister by profession and held the post of registrar of the prerogative in Ireland. He was born in 1670 and died in Cavendish square in 1767 at the advanced age of ninety-seven years. He received the sum of £1,000 from his publisher for his treatise on whist, which ran through five editions in one year and was extensively pirated. Hoyle is said to have given lessons in whist at a guinea a lesson. One of his great points was the calculation of probabilities at various stages of the rubber. This at first was deemed so important in guiding players that a famous mathematician used to frequent the coffee houses (the old substitute for the modern clubs) and give his opinion on the state of the odds at any stage in a game of whist in return for a small fee from the players.—Glasgow Times.

Crossing the Ocean.

The following bits of conversation may be heard several thousand times each day:

"I think those people down in the steerage have a much better time than we do. But don't they look just like so many animals?"

"Don't those clouds over there look just like land?"

"Somebody said we aren't far from an iceberg, but I don't know whether it's so or not. You hear so many false reports on shipboard."

"Have you met the captain, yet? I hope you didn't ask him any foolish questions, poor man!"

"No; I haven't seen a whale yet, but there were lots of porpoises around the ship today."

"Who is that man? I haven't seen him before. He must have come on board during the night." (Always funny.)

"Did the postman bring you anything this morning?" (Sure of a howl.)—"Is this your first trip to Europe? My, but you have a treat in store!"—Princeton Tiger.

As Arranged For Older Children.

Miss Mary was the possessor of a diminutive and immature specimen of the Ovis aries, a wool bearing and ruminant quadruped, whose flesh is highly esteemed by persons to whose gustatory organs its flavor is agreeable.

The shaggy and agglomerated filaments constituting in their collective capacity its natural outer covering, integument or garment presented to the vision a surface absolutely echolated and nullified and dwelling in immaculateness the lustrous mantle of crystallized vapor that commonly characterizes the winter landscape.

And to whatsoever locality, contiguous or remote, whither Mary's vagrant fancy, the call of duty or, perchance, the parental mandate impelled her, when not otherwise engaged, to betake herself, this juvescent representative of the genus Ovis aries, with a fidelity remarkable in one so immature and inexperienced, could be counted upon with absolute and entire certainty to accompany her.—Chicago Tribune.

Fortune For Forgers.

The last person to suffer death for forgery in London was a Thomas Maynard, who was executed on Dec. 81, 1829. It was not, however, until 1832 that the death penalty for the crime was replaced by transportation, though even then an exception was made in the case of forging or altering a will. This exception was not removed from the statute book until 1837. In the days of good Queen Bess a forger of deeds was very severely dealt with. He had to stand in the pillory; his ears were cut off, his nose slit, and he was branded with hot irons. If he survived these ordeals he was doomed to imprisonment for the rest of his days, and everything he possessed in the world was forfeited to the crown. Surely death would have been far more merciful.

Waifs Who Became Famous.

The list of waifs who have become famous, says the Delineator, is a long one. It includes Sir Henry Stanley, Queen Catherine the Good, Alexander Hamilton, Rosa Bonheur, Edgar Allan Poe, Rachel, Leonardo da Vinci and dates back as far as Moses. All these were homeless children—children who if left to their fate would undoubtedly have drifted into evil ways. Instead they have lived to add glory to their names and have contributed to the knowledge of the world at large through the fruits of their genius.

Smartness.

Do not be "smart." Whenever you see any of your mates showing signs of "smartness" in his work, his talk or his play take him by the hand, or both hands, or by the back of the neck, if necessary, and lovingly, playfully, but firmly, lead him to a knowledge of higher and more interesting things. In these words of Mr. Kipling is presented the gospel of real life, of common sense and of universal experience.—New York Outlook.

Disease and Remedies.

It is almost a truism among physicians that the intractability of a disease may be measured by the number of "infallible" remedies for it which from time to time have been recommended.—London Times.

Sociologist Defined.

"Uncle Henry, what is a sociologist?"

"A sociologist, my boy, is a person who can inspect a garbage can and find enough material in it for a long lecture on the needs of society."—Chicago Tribune.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Bribes For Clergymen.

"Three or four attempts have been made to bribe me," said a clergyman. "My friends of the cloth tell me that they, too, have been occasionally tempted with bribes.

"Once it was the advertising manager of a health food. He offered a subscription of $100 to our mission school if I would tell from the pulpit how much good the health food had done me. I made him give me the money for the mission under threats of exposure, but, of course, I did not mention his food in the church. The church is no place for health food talks.

"The widow of a drunkard and general good for nothing offered me $50 if I would lie in praise of her husband in his funeral sermon. I praised the man heartily in the sermon—no matter how bad a man may be, if you examine his character you will find in it many traits worthy of praise—and to the widow I wrote a note of gentle rebuke.

"Often we are asked to date back marriage certificates, to say a couple were married in six months or a year before they really were. A man once offered me $1,500 to perpetrate a wrong of this sort. I thrust a tract in his hand and turned him out of doors."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rain and Animals.

"Lions, tigers and all the cat tribe dread rain," said a zoo keeper. "On a rainy day they tear nervously up and down their cages, growling and trembling. We usually give them an extra ration of hot milk. That puts them to sleep. Wolves love a gray day of rain. They are then very cheery. Treacherous as the wolf is, no keeper need fear him on a rainy day. He is too happy to harm a fly. Snakes, too, like rain. They perk up wonderfully as the barometer falls and the damp makes itself felt in their warm cases of glass.

"Rain makes monkeys glum. They are apt from instinct, when they see it through the window, to clasp their hands above their heads and sit so for hours. That attitude, you know, makes a kind of shelter. It is the primitive umbrella. So, when it rained, the naked primitive man and woman sat gloomily in the primeval swamps of giant ferns."

A Mouse and a Candle.

At the end of the bathing season, a few years ago, a candle was left on the mantelpiece of a family in Pauligueu, France. When they returned the next spring they found, according to La Nature, that a mouse had done these things:

Climbed, somehow, a marble chimney piece, there being no piece of furniture near enough to leap from and no way of descending from above.

Climbed the candlestick itself, which was of highly polished silver, over ten inches high, with a broad base at the end.

Climbed the candle, mean eating all the big cutting evenly all round down to the base, leaving the hare wick standing up perfectly straight.

If the mouse had begun at the base of the candle its weight would have caused it to topple over. It must have taken the mouse a good many days to eat the candle down to the bottom.

A Persistent Friend.

Mr. George Weir, an English actor, in his early days appeared one night in the role of Hamlet in an improvised theater at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, and suffered much embarrassment from the demonstrative attentions of an enthusiastic former schoolfellow, who sat in the front of the tent and kept up a running comment on the performance. "That be Gargy Weir," exclaimed the admirer. "I knows Gargy! I used to go to school along wi' he." After many expostulations the interrupter was turned out, and all went well until the audience was hushed to deadly silence while Hamlet was going through his soliloquy. Then suddenly a still, small voice came cheeringly from the back row of seats, "Gargy, I be in again!"—Bellman.

—After weariness come rest, peace, joy, if we be worthy.—Newman.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM

AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday June 25, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. O. F. BAROLAY
of Semmenahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HAGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN R. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

JAMES S. SHERMAN, Republican nominee for Vice President, is seriously ill at Cleveland.

IT is announced that the Prince De Sagan and Madamo Gould will be married in London to-morrow or Saturday if a special license can be secured.

GEN. WRIGHT, an ex-Confederate officer and sturdy Democrat, has been appointed by President Roosevelt as Secretary of War to fill the vacancy in his Cabinet caused by the resignation of Secretary Taft.

ALMOST one thousand people are homeless and more than a million dollars worth of damage was done by a fire that occurred in the city of Three Rivers, Quebec Province, Can. Eleven business streets have been wiped out, along with the banks and hotels, as well as all the dry goods establishments and factories.

GLASS tombstones with the latest photo of the deceased blown in the glass are to be turned out by a plate glass company at its Tarentum (Pa.) plant. Recently a rich man, whose name has not been given out, desired that his picture be blown in a glass tombstone and that he be allowed to pass on it at once. After several attempts one was made, and it was so well approved that the making of glass tombstones will become a regular business.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BONAPARTE won a quick victory over the paper mills which make up the combination known as the Fibre and Manila Paper Manufacturers' Association. They were indicted early this week and yesterday announced that they had decided to plead guilty of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust law. There are 24 mills in the pool. Tally one more for the Roosevelt expedition against the trusts and for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, which furnished the evidence on which the prosecution was based.

IN spite of the fact that Secretary Taft has often laughingly declared that "no real gentleman weighs more than 300 pounds," his solid bulk combined with the compact frame of his running mate, James S. Sherman, makes the heaviest ticket ever put forward by any national party. The two men together rip the scales at something not far short of 500. The record before this was held by the Democrats on the strength of the avoirdupois of Grover Cleveland. When nominated in 1892, Mr. Cleveland weighed about 275 pounds, but the small figure of Adlai E. Stevenson kept the total around 425.

THE grand jury in session in Potter county last week, after hearing 28 witnesses in the matter of the manner in which the Potter County Home for the poor is conducted, submitted their findings to the Court on Saturday. In their report they charge County Commissioners C. D. Austin, Fred W. Franke and W. A. Nichols and Superintendent F. A. Crowell guilty of neglect of duty in the management of the county home. They did not return any indictments but recommended that the District Attorney prepare indictments against the above named officials. The findings contain some pretty serious charges.

THE betterment of trade conditions is apparent in the Shenandoah Valley, and within another month thousands of workmen, who have been idle since November, will have been put back to work in the various steel and iron plants. The big plant of the American Tin and Sheet Plate company at South Sharon, employing nearly 2,000 men, is now running full time. All other companies are also running on longer time. Men familiar with the iron and steel trade say things are growing brighter every day, and one prominent manufacturer predicts that within sixty days, at least, 90 per cent. of the mills and furnaces in the valley will be in operation again.

GROVER CLEVELAND, the last of our ex-Presidents of the United States is dead. He passed away at his home in Princeton, N. J., at 8:40 o'clock Wednesday morning, June 24, surrounded at his bedside by his devoted wife and loving children. He was aged 71 years. Mr. Cleveland was a self made man in the strictest sense of the term, rising by his own efforts from obscurity to the highest honors within the gift of the American people. He was born in Caldwell, Essex county, N. J., March 18, 1837. Received an academical education at Fayetteville and Clinton, the latter in Oneida county, N. Y. Became a clerk in a law office and was admitted to the bar in 1859. Assistant district attorney of Erie county 1863-4. Sheriff of Erie county 1870-3. Elected mayor of Buffalo in 1881. Elected governor of New York in 1882. Elected President of the United States in 1884. Was nominee for same office in 1888, and defeated by Benjamin Harrison. Again elected President in 1892. Retired to private life in 1897, but always was prominent in movements for public welfare. Was elected trustee of Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States on June 10, 1905.

Greatest of All Harvests.

An $8,000,000,000, harvest! That is the size of Uncle Sam's total crops in 1908. At least the officials of the Agriculture Department put the figures at that unprecedent level.

This is America's ninth great harvest in succession. It is true that one of the country's leading staples, corn, wheat, oats, hay or cotton, may have been below par in some one of these nine years, and another crop may not have reached bumper proportions in another year, but taking all together, the aggregate of all of them has been huge.

The diversity, as well as the quantity of American agricultural products, is unmatched by any other land on the globe. Our farms are an inexhaustible treasure house, for their output of wealth is growing greater year by year.

When the last Federal census was taken, in 1900, the average value of produce raised on each farm in the United States was $828. The average now must be close to $1000.

No other form of enterprise in any country of this earth equals in value of output the agricultural products of America. Our farming constitutes the world's banner industry.

Now with the greatest of all harvests, in even the richest of lands, just ripening for the reaper it is an opportune time for everybody to cheer up.—Elk County Gazette.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 20, 1908:

William Andrew, Charles Cheeseman, Mrs. William Handy, Mrs. Frank Knapp, Mr. Rondolf Maich, Miss Catherine Oviatt, Miss Ina Lee Ryan, Jno. O. Songer.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Tired mothers, worn out by peevish, cross babies have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L.K. Hogarth.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C.A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

The Star Chamber.

Perhaps the most beautiful natural scene of all in Mammoth cave is the star chamber. At a point in the well defined path one comes to the brow of a gentle declivity and notes that the roof of folded or fretted limestone had disappeared. The darkness is impervious to the rays of the lamps. "The star chamber," announces the guide, and, bidding his visitors to put their lights out and to look up, he disappears up a side passage. Slowly the darkness above lightens a little; then stars come out one by one and twinkle merrily as in a real sky. A comet shoots across the line of vision; then the glory of the Milky Way appears. The illusion is perfect and the explanation not far to seek.

The ceiling is heavily coated with manganese dioxide and has been pierced here and there with snowy crystals of gypsum. The guides go behind this ceiling, and the light from their lamps produces the effect of a miniature firmament with the crystals of gypsum for stars.—New York Post.

He Grasped the Idea.

"Tommy," said his teacher, "the words 'circumstantial evidence' occur in the lesson. Do you know what circumstantial evidence is?"

Tommy replied that he did not.

"Well, I will explain it to you by an illustration. You know we have a rule against eating apples in school. Suppose some morning I should see you in your seat with a book held up in front of your face. I say nothing, but presently I go around to where you are sitting. You are busily studying your lesson, but I find that your face is smeared, while under the edge of your slate I see the core of a freshly eaten apple.

"I should know just as well as if I had caught you at it that you have been eating an apple, although, of course, I did not see you do it. That is a case in which circumstantial evidence convicts you. Do you think you know what it is now?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy. "It's eating apples in school."—Youth's Companion.

The Mormons.

The Book of Mormon appeared in 1830. Joseph Smith of Palmyra, N. Y., claimed that he had received it as a new Bible for all mankind. He began preaching Mormon doctrines, gathered followers, who migrated to Kirkland, O., and later to Missouri, whence they were driven out by their neighbors. They then went to Illinois, building the city of Nauvoo, and adopted polygamy, but they met with strong opposition there and finally settled at Salt Lake. They had hardly reached there before the foreign soil they had chosen was a part of the United States by a treaty with Mexico.

The Seven Wise Men.

The names and characteristic aphorisms of the seven wise men of ancient Greece are as follows: Solon of Athens, "Nothing in excess;" Thales of Miletus, "Suretyship brings ruin;" Pittacus of Mitylene, "Know thine opportunity;" Bias of Priene in Caria, "Too many workers spoil the work;" Chilon of Sparta, "Know thyself;" Cleobulus of Rhodes, "Moderation is the chief good," and Periander of Corinth, "Forethought in all things."

Simply Reversed.

Bill—I see he is trying to have the judge's sentence reversed.

Jill—What was the sentence?

"Ten dollars or ten days."

"Well, I don't see what good it would do to have it reversed."

"Why not?"

"Wouldn't ten days or $10 be just as bad?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Tolerant Orientals.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese have shown throughout their history great toleration in matters of religion. Even the persecution of Christians in the seventeenth century had its origin purely in political reasons. — Japan Chronicle.

The Last Word.

"Your wife likes the last word, doesn't she?"

"I don't think so," answered Mr. Meekton. "Anyway, she's mighty reluctant about reaching it."—Washington Star.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. They are recommended everywhere. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Season of 1908.

My large Spanish jack "Pedro" will stand at the farm of Robert Oliver in Reed Hollow the remainder of the season.

JOHN CONNERS.

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given, that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on Monday, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel may be heard, under and in pursuance of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations." Approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the several supplements thereto, by Ada M. Young, Jane N. Forsythe, Katherine D. McKean, Ronk G. Walker, Addie O. Specht, and others, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the "Travellers' Club of Smethport, Pennsylvania," the character and object of which are, The maintenance of a club for social enjoyment, educational and literary purposes, and to that end to provide, furnish, equip and maintain a suitable building or club house for the use, comfort and convenience of its members, and if practicable to establish and maintain a public library therein; and to provide the necessary funds for such purposes; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Solicitor.

WANTED INFORMATION Regarding
Farm or Business
for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to deal from owner only who will pay cash. Give price. Address
I. DARSTADT, Box 96 Indianapolis, Ind.

Good Dairy Farm, Stock and Tools Very Cheap.

We offer for sale the Wilmarth dairy farm of 157½ acres, located three miles from Rushford, N. Y., on Cuba road. R. F. D. service and telephone in house. 75 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture and woodland. 65 acres smooth land, balance rolling. Watered by six living springs. Fences are splendid. Orchard of 100 trees, grafted fruit. Fine raspberry patch and strawberry bed. Good house of nine rooms, large dry cellar, running spring water in house and barn. Gambrel roof barn 40x100, basement 18x34, cement floor of 1000 feet surface. Shed 18x40 for hens and calves. The stock consists of 19 cows, two calves, one bull, span horses, five pigs and 50 hens, three buggies, two wagons, heavy and light harness, binder, mower, tedder, rake plow, drag and everything needed to work the farm with. Hay and grain to carry stock to grass. Nothing reserved but household goods. The farm is one mile from school, one mile from factory, 8 miles from Rushford Academy. Good roads every day in the year to the market. Possession at once. Price of this entire property as stated above is only $5,600. Terms: $2,000 cash, balance on long time at 5 per cent. interest. The cows on this farm averaged $50 each from the factory last season. The bare farm alone is worth the price asked. Taxes $35 a year.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

We Have 80 Farms For Sale.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$300,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST
JAMES A. McKEAN
C. D. COMES
CHARLES McKEAN
H. H. REDFIELD

White Diamond flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

Hot Weather

is here, and our BARGAINS in Clothing have also arrived. All Summer SUITS for men and boys will go at prices that will make you sit up and take notice. Come and see.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS
RADISHES
CELERY
TOMATOES

LETTUCE
CUCUMBERS
SPINACH
STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Grocery

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

PICKLES

This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

Next week I will have a whole Carload of Salt of all grades which I am prepared to offer at lowest prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Oscar Engstrom.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA

Do you know

that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern

Photographs

ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.

I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow

East Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Elton St. Bradford, Penna.

Semi-Annual Clearance
—OF—
The Lindholm Co.

From Saturday, June 27th,
To Saturday, July 18th.

Three weeks of money saving days for wise buyers. Don't forget the dates; you know the place.

Rock Bottom Prices. The chance of this season to buy dry goods regardless of cost.

List of some of our offerings will be left at your door. Look it over--then come.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

Buy the Standard make of Farm Machinery, for which you can always get extra parts. We sell the McCORMICK, DEERING and MILWAUKEE MOWERS, TEDDERS and RAKES.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Mines

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 25, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Frank Kerns is building a carpenter shop on his lot on Water street.

—J. C. Backus is erecting a garage at the rear of his Main street residence.

—The Herrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y., tells of a fine farm for sale in their new ad to-day.

—Take a rest instead of darning stockings. Monheimer advertises Hoiéproof Hose, on this page.

—Fry and Comes have a new advertisement to-day which tells of some remarkable bargains.

—Three candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the Improved Order of Red Men, Monday night.

—J. C. Backus received his new automobile Monday afternoon. It is a Cameron car and is a fine one.

—Don't forget the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night. Everybody invited. Chadwick's will furnish music.

—Miss Lottie Baker and Arthur Armstrong were married Saturday evening at the M. E. chapel by Rev. W. A. Harris.

—H. W. Rubin has a new advertisement in to-day's issue telling of low prices in all summer suits for men and boys.

—A. B. Armstrong who was reported as seriously ill in last week's issue is, we are pleased to say, able to be out again.

—Lewis Ramer is putting in a new foundation and otherwise improving his store building next to the Hotel Imperial.

—The seven-year-old boy of Andrew Bush of Norwich township caught a 14½ inch trout in the East Branch Monday afternoon.

—Rev. and Mrs. Riley of Kane celebrated their 50th anniversary of married life at their home on Park avenue Thursday of last week.

—Daniel F. McCrea, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McCrea of Bradford, who was employed as a railroad detective by the B., R. & P., was fatally shot in the head by a thug at Buffalo Saturday afternoon. Mr. McCrea was taken to the Emergency hospital and his condition was such as to give no hope of recovery. The end came Tuesday night about ten o'clock. The remains will be taken to the home of his parents at Bradford. His murderer escaped.

—Many meadows in Norwich township have been practically ruined by the "paint brush" weed. Fields are literally covered with it and it will take a great deal of hard work to bring these meadows back to their natural state of cultivation.

—Miss Blanche Oviatt, daughter of W. I. Oviatt of East Smethport, had the misfortune to fall from the porch Wednesday evening breaking her ankle. Dr. Brown was promptly called and reduced the fracture. She is now resting as comfortably as can be expected.

—There is little doubt that the bodies of four persons lie at the bottom of Chautauqua Lake. Two young men and two young women secured a boat at Midway Park Sunday afternoon for a row on the lake. The upturned boat has been found, but nothing is known of its occupants.

—Peter Peterson, of Mt. Jewett was killed at Kushequa, Saturday afternoon. He was employed in getting out clay for the Kushequa Brick Co., when the bank caved in, burying him underneath. Particulars are meagre and hard to get this morning, as all that is known as to the manner he was killed is as we have stated.—Kane Republican.

—The practice of P., S. & N. train crews blockading the streets at their crossings is becoming such a nuisance that prosecutions are almost certain to follow if it is continued. The citizens of this borough are continually having their patience sorely tried by these blockades and the time will soon come when steps will be taken to enforce their rights according to law.

—Last evening while Miss Mattie Backus was sitting near a window in her home and simultaneously with the report of a gun a bullet struck the telephone wire, glanced and passed her within a few inches of her face. No harm was done aside from giving the editor's family quite a scare. The force of the bullet was evidently nearly spent and probably would not have inflicted a dangerous wound had it struck her, but there certainly was enough momentum left in it to have inflicted a painful wound and undoubtedly left an ugly scar had it struck her in the face.

—Yesterday morning about 10:33 o'clock B., R. & P. train No. 9, which leaves here at 7:30 a. m. ran over and killed John Bulock, just north of DuBois. He was 40 years of age and married, but his address is unknown. Bulock was walking on the track, and a freight train cut of his view of the oncoming passenger train. The engineer and fireman both saw the man, when but a few feet from him, but though the emergency brake was applied and the whistle blown, it was too late. When Bulock heard the whistle he started off one side of the track, then he looked up, wavered a second and turned back toward the other side. Had he kept straight ahead he would have been safe. Friday's Star.

—T. M. Waterson, the long-distance piano player, now has a record for endurance playing of 26 hours, 38 minutes and 15 seconds, adding three minutes and 15 seconds to his former record of 26 hours, 35 minutes. His feat was commenced in the window of the Ellison music store at 8 o'clock, p. m., Wednesday evening, and was completed at 10:38:15 Thursday evening. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the finish of the tedious task Waterbury had set himself to perform. On a previous attempt to break his record in this city, Waterbury played something like 22 hours.—Bradford Record.

—The borough officials should strictly enforce the ordinance which prohibits the careless use of firearms within the borough limits. Several small boys in this place possess small rifles and they are none to careful how or where they use them as will be seen by reading of the narrow escape of a young lady last evening. There are occasions when a man has use for a firearm within the borough limits, in protecting his poultry from skunks (animal or human) or something of the sort, but the indiscriminate use of these dangerous weapons, especially by youngsters, should be stopped at once. This is the plain duty of our officials and we hope it will be attended to before we are called upon to chronicle a really serious article.

—Canaseraga has the distinction of having the first organized women's ball team in this vicinity. They played their first game Thursday evening before a large audience, not only was the grandstand filled but crowds stood at the foot of the stand, on the bank and along the Erie tracks, carriages were lined up the entire length of the street. The team is composed of the following: Mrs. A. Bluestone, Mrs. F. H. Bluestone, Mrs. W. E. Mehlenbacher, Mrs. Chas. Mehlenbacher, Mrs. F. S. Mehlenbacher, Mrs. Hoyt, Mrs. D. J. Bennett, Mrs. Dennis Kingston, Misses Madge Dolloph, Virgie Zimmer and Malie Haight. It was the fastest game played on the diamond this year and in a short time will, no doubt, challenge other teams in this locality.—Times.

—The sixty-fourth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Fessenden occurred Saturday, June 6, 1908, says the Enterprise. This couple are the only surviving children of Joseph Fessenden and John Dingman. Mrs. Fessenden was born and lived all her life in Potter county. They have endured the hardships of a pioneer life and are probably the oldest couple now living in Potter county, Mr. Fessenden being 87, September 7, and Mrs. Fessenden being 80, October 17, 1908. They are highly respected by all who know them. A number of their friends and neighbors came in to assist in making the occasion pleasant. The Roulette band rendered some fine selections. This aged couple have lived in Roulette, Pleasant Valley and Hebron township since their marriage and have a host of friends and relatives who wish them many more pleasant anniversaries.

—A well known physician of Bradford said that of all the injuries he dreaded the worst are those caused by the 4th of July blank cartridge. Few people know the dangerous nature of the blank cartridge. They are made up with glue, which is derived from cow hide, which in turn has been allowed to tan out in the sun. The glue is almost certain to contain germs from the cow hide, and when a wound occurs it is reasonable to suppose that it will be dangerous. For the slightest wound in the hand the whole palm has to be laid open. People do not understand the necessity of this and think the doctor is doing more than is needful and he has this prejudice to contend with. The one thing to be feared especially is lock jaw. There are hundreds of deaths each year, immediately after the 4th, from this one cause, so it can readily be seen that too much care cannot be exercised.

—At 5:25 o'clock last Thursday at Little Valley, Pacy Hill, on trial for the murder of Miss Chloe Hancock, of Olean, last March was convicted of murder in the first degree, and the Judge Pound at once sentenced the prisoner to death by electrocution at Auburn prison during the week of July 26. It is said that the first two ballots of the jury resulted in 10 for murder in the first degree, and 2 in the second degree. On the third ballot, the jury was unanimous in a verdict of murder, first degree. It was 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon when both sides completed the summing up, and Judge Pound immediately commenced his charge to the jury. He consumed a little more than an hour and at 4:25 p. m. the jury retired. In another hour the verdict was reached. Miss Hancock was killed by a shot fired by Pacy Hill in a quarrel over a valentine she received from a young man. The defense entered the plea of insanity for Hill.—Bradford Star.

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All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothe, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdvoint.

Personal Mention.

Chester Townsend is in Roulette this week.

Mrs. S. L. Fry was a Bradford visitor Friday.

J. C. Backus left Monday for Canada on business.

Mrs. Charles McKean is visiting in Boston this week.

Mrs. Percy Brown and son, Clark, spent Sunday in Mt. Jewett.

Felix Southwick is spending the summer with relatives in this place.

Percy and Joe Brown drove to Jamestown Sunday in their automobile.

Mrs. J. H. Green of Olean was the guest of Mrs. F. C. Pierce this week.

Craig Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Edna Freeman is at Bradford attending a summer school for teachers.

Mrs. Belo Colegrove and daughter, Hazel, passed Sunday at Shinglehouse.

W. G. Holder, W. I. Oviatt and John P. Devlin were Bradford visitors Friday last.

Robert Daly returned home yesterday from an extended visit to Buffalo and Erie.

Miss Maude Irons has returned from the Bradford hospital much improved in health.

Fuller McClellan of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday afternoon.

S. R. Lindsley, R. W. Hilton and F. P. Isherwood were in Bradford on business Friday.

Mrs. A. E. Hoffman visited relatives and friends in Hazelhurst the fore part of the week.

Little Hester Kerr is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley in Bradford.

Mrs. R. G. Terry and children were the guests of relatives in Kasson the first of the week.

Mrs. F. W. Bradley spent Sunday in Smethport the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Kerr.

Miss Edna Herzog of Norwich has returned home after a short visit with friends in this place.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett had business in town Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe left yesterday for a visit to relatives and friends in Allegany county N. Y.

Mrs. J. E. Haley and daughter, Helen, who have been visiting Mrs. Jerry Healy of Kane returned home Friday.

Miss Edna Coleson returned to her home at Mt. Jewett Tuesday, after a few days' visit with Smethport friends.

Mrs. Peter Connelly left Wednesday for Brownsville, Pa., to visit her daughter, Mrs. O. J. Wetrick, who is ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Hazel Green has returned home for the summer. Miss Green has been a student at Bryant and Stratton's business college of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Hurd Bowen and children of Bradford, Mrs. Sarah Blake, Mrs. Emil John and Will Blake of Eldred were guests of Mrs. J. C. Backus this week.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander of the local I. O. R. M. was a delegate to the Great Council which convened at Scranton and returned a very favorable report of the doings of the Council.

Mrs. Fred J. Shattuck and daughters, Mabel and Grace, who have been visiting Mrs. Harry L. Backus left for Whitesville on Wednesday where they will visit her parents and other relatives.

Miss Alice Daly returned home yesterday from Villa Marie Academy, Erie, from which she has just graduated in the commercial course. She stands among the highest in her class with an average of 95 8-9 out of a possible 100.

Horace B. King returned home on Tuesday from the Dickinson Law School at Carlisle, where he has completed the first year of the course. He also passed the final examinations at Bucknell University this year, receiving his diploma and the degree of A. B.

Pineoulve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Is there any

REASON

why you should darn sox or stocking? We say

There is None

because you can buy

HOLE-PROOF SOX

or stockings that are guaranteed against holes for SIX MONTHS. This is no catch phrase or word twisting but a simple statement that you get NEW hose or sox for every pair you bring back, which show the need of darning. They are as light as silk and wear like iron.

6 pairs $2, for men or women.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

WASH GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES.

Wash goods clearance time is here. For a special sale this week we have arranged five lots of White Goods, Printed Wash Goods and Ginghams and marked them at so much below regular selling prices that a quick clearance will certainly result.

With the greater part of the summer ahead this sale will afford a rare chance to make the dollar do double duty.

All sorts of sheer and heavy weight cottons, silk mulls, etc., are included so that you will have no difficulty in finding just what you want.

Lot 1 at 5 cents Regular price 6c.	Lot 2 at 8 1-2 cts. Regular prices 10 to 12 1-2 c.
Lot 3 at 12 1-2 cts. Regular prices 15 to 18c.	Lot 4 at 17 cents Regular prices 25 to 35 c.

Lot 5 at 29 cts.
Regular prices 40 to 50c.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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COFFEE FROM 15c TO 35c PER LB.

Our Canned Goods are all O. K. in price and quality. Try them.

Corn	10c and 12c
Peas	11c " 13c
Tomatoes	10c " 12c

Other goods equally as low in price, Potatoes now selling at 90c bushel.

G. W. BRENNAN,

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Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
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One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00

One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order..... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

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WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Nannie's Lesson.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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"Won't you do what is right by my daughter?"

Nannie shivered at the pathos of the plea and turned to look at the speaker. It was odd that he should pick out the platform of the elevated station for his appeal, but perhaps this was some chance meeting and the only opportunity the old man had.

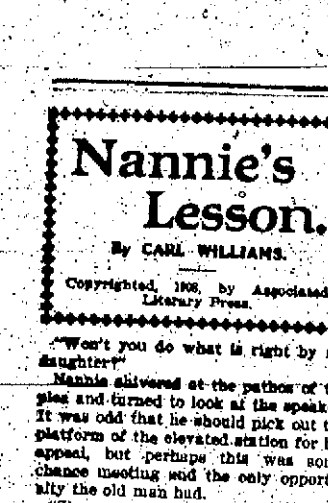
"She was a happy girl until she met you," the old man continued. "There was no better or happier girl in the whole city, and now"—

The voice broke through excess of emotion, and Nannie turned to see who the man might be. He was younger than she had expected, and he bore the stamp of prosperity. He was no trembling, decrepit old man, but middle aged and well to do. Still, there was no mistaking the sincerity of his speech, and Nannie shifted her glance to the young man.

With a little shuddering sob she turned and hurried aboard the train which had just pulled in.

It was not the train she wanted, but she felt she must get away from the place, for the man to whom the older was making his appeal was Jack Laurance, her Jack. He listened to the other man largely because of the restraining hand upon his arm. He could not get away, and his handsome face plainly showed the annoyance he felt, but there was no suggestion of remorse or shame. In the train Nannie shuddered again and twisted the solitaire that was the pledge of his love.

With a gesture of despair, she finally drew the ring from her finger and slipped it into her purse. It had been the pledge of his love, and he had



NANNIE REACHED OUT HER HAND AND CLASPED HIS.

proved recreant to an earlier promise. Somewhere a woman mourned her broken heart and his broken promises.

At the next station Nannie changed to a train in the opposite direction. She had been hurrying downtown to meet Jack for a matinee with him. They were to have met at a downtown station because he could not get away from the office in time to call for her. What he was doing in the uptown district she did not know, and now she told herself that she did not care.

Bravely she held out until she reached the house; then she hurried to her own room to throw herself upon the bed and flood the pillow with her tears.

Less than a year had passed since Jack Laurance had come into her life, but it had been the most important year of her girlhood.

Almost from the first she had been attracted to him by his manliness and the honesty of the deep brown eyes. She had been pleased with his attentions, and when he told his love and asked her to become his wife it seemed as if her cup of joy was filled to overflowing. She had often felt a superstitious dread that something might happen, and now that fear had been realized.

Several times the telephone bell rang, but Nannie felt that she could not speak to Laurance even over the wire, and the last time she sent a message to the effect that she would write to him.

Before she could finish her letter one had come from him in which he apologized for not keeping his appointment on time and explaining that he had run uptown on business and had been delayed by an unexpected encounter with an old friend from whom he had been unable to escape.

The letter was the last thing needed to confirm Nannie in her resolution. By his own admission Jack had been uptown. He might intend to explain away his detention by an old friend, but Nannie knew what that encounter had meant, so it was a brief and formal note that accompanied the ring back to the giver.

Jack did not yield easily, but Nannie would not read the letters he wrote imploring her to explain just what the trouble had been. He told her he could not believe that the engagement was broken because he had been late in keeping an appointment, and he begged her to give him an opportunity to explain.

To Nannie the letters merely meant that he feared the old man had sought her and revealed Laurance's perfidy. Doubtless he wished to ascertain if this was the fact, that he might offer some explanation. Perhaps he even thought that he might be able to win her over, but no one could have listened to the old man's plea and accept any explanation from the wrongdoer.

For nearly two months Jack persisted in his endeavor to set things straight, and Nannie grew pale and nervous under the strain. Even her father, absorbed in business affairs, saw her distress and in his clumsy way sought to help her.

His help took the form of theater tickets, and several times she met him downtown on Saturday afternoons and went to a matinee with him. One afternoon he regarded her with eyes that twinkled.

"We're going to be real frivolous this afternoon," he declared. "I got seats for the variety show. There's a chap on the bill I met the other day. He is something of a bore when he wants to talk about himself—which is most of the time—but otherwise he's a good sort, and I'd like to see what he does."

Nannie nodded. Her father had often exercised his own inclinations to take her to serious plays, which she liked best. It was only fair that he should have his afternoon of vaudeville. Once ensconced in the comfortable chairs she found the entertainment rather diverting.

The chief attraction was a playlet offered by Hugh Wassingford, who had achieved a reputation on the dramatic stage, which he was now selling to advantage in vaudeville.

Nannie started at his entrance. Allowing for the changed appearance in makeup, it was the man of the elevated platform. The voice, the mannerisms were all the same, and presently the story of the sketch developed the tale of a deserted daughter, and, in the same words that had been seared into Nannie's brain, the old man made his plea, but this time to a paid actor and not to Laurance.

The trembling appeal had its effect, and the curtain fell on the two men starting in search of the girl. As the applause died down her father turned to Nannie and smiled approvingly as he saw that the girl's eyes were filled with tears.

"Great work that," he commented. "That fellow is a real actor. He recited the whole of the sketch for me at the club the other night, and, by Jove, I almost cried myself. Jack Laurance brought him over to a little smoker the boys got up. Jack says this first time he heard the act was on an elevated station. He was in a hurry to get downtown, and Wassingford held him there for half an hour, with Jack scowling into his face and looking at his watch every three minutes as a hint that he was late. But Wassingford held him to the very end. Jack picked the winner of two sketches to land the first time he played in vaudeville, and now Wassingford thinks that he can't put on a sketch until Jack thinks it's all right."

"Do you suppose that Jack is here this afternoon?" asked Nannie eagerly.

"He told Wassingford he would come down. He may be back in the dressing room."

"Will you please see if he is and ask him to come here?" said Nannie, and her father started off, pleased at the request. He liked Jack and was glad that there might be a chance for the breach to be healed.

He stood by the back rail while Jack took the seat he had occupied. Nannie reached out her hand and clasped his, glad that the house was darkened for the motion pictures.

"I sent for you to ask you to forgive me and to tell you that your friend Mr. Wassingford is a great actor," she whispered. "I was on the elevated station when he told you that sketch, and I heard only his appeal and believed. Oh, can you forgive me, Jack?"

"Can I?" echoed Jack. "Well, I guess I can. You wait until we get home, and watch me. I'll so happy, dear, that I won't even hold it against you that you could believe evil of me. Wassingford is a convincing sort of chap, but I do wish he would cut out those monologue rehearsals on the street. They are bound to make trouble."

"It was a good thing, after all," whispered Nannie. "After this I shall not believe evil of you, no matter how convincing it may sound.—I have had my lesson."

Wrestling With a Tiger.

Two brothers, Khuda Bakhs and Shaikh Abdul Ghani of Moradabad, were dispatched to Rampur on an errand, and while entering a grove at Khadpura, says the Indian Daily Telegraph, a tiger sprang upon Khuda Bakhs, who, being an athlete, warded off the blow aimed at him with his right hand and caught one of the paws with the other and maintained his hold, though the tiger was mauling the other hand.

Abdul Ghani now rushed up with a stout stick, which he forced down the tiger's throat, making it release his brother's hand, when Khuda Bakhs seized another paw with his wounded hand, forcing both paws back. He wrestled with the tiger, keeping it down by sheer force, while Abdul Ghani killed it with his lathi.

The tiger was carried by the brothers to his highness the nawab of Rampur, "who kept the skin as a memento and sent Khuda Bakhs to the state dispensary for treatment."

Peculiarity of Snakes.

A snake tamer who had trained a serpent, to follow him around the house and even out of doors happened one day to take it with him to a strange place. The snake, unused to the locality, suddenly seemed to forget all his training and, escaping into the bushes, resisted capture with bites and every indication of wildness. When caught it at once resumed its tame habits. This tendency to become wild immediately upon obtaining their freedom and to again become tame when caught is said to be a peculiarity of snakes.—New York Tribune.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, horseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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A STORY OF HEROISM

Showing How Brave Men Can Calmly Meet Death.

WRECK OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

The Way This British Vessel Went Down Off the Cape of Good Hope. Most of the Crew Were Lost and All the Women and Children Saved.

Visitors to the hospital of the old pensioners at Chelsea will perhaps have noticed in the colonnade a simple memorial tablet, placed there by order of the late Queen Victoria to record the heroic constancy and discipline of the officers and soldiers who lost their lives in the wreck of the transport Birkenhead off the Cape of Good Hope on Feb. 26, 1852. On Jan. 7 in that year, after embarking re-enforcements amounting to fifteen officers and 470 men for the troops engaged in the Kaffir war, the Birkenhead left Ireland for the cape. On board were also 166 women and children, the wives and families of soldiers. All went well till the transport reached Simon's Town, where ten officers and eighteen men were landed. The ship continued her course on the evening of Feb. 25. But the captain in his anxiety for a quick passage unfortunately kept so close to the shore that during the night the ship got among the rocks which line the coast. About three miles off Danger point at 2 o'clock in the morning of the 26th, while all except those on watch were sleeping peacefully in their hammocks, the ship struck with a violent shock. The bulk of the men on board were young soldiers.

The rush of water on the Birkenhead striking was so great that most of the soldiers on the lower troop deck were drowned in their hammocks. The remainder, with all the officers, appeared on deck, many only partly dressed, and fell in as orderly and as quietly as on the barrack square. Calling the officers round him, Lieutenant Colonel Seton of the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, the senior officer on board, impressed on them the necessity for preserving order and silence among the men. The services of the next senior, Captain Wright, Ninety-first Highlanders, were offered at the request of the commander of the ship to carry out whatever orders he might consider essential. Sixty more were put on the chain pumps on the lower after deck and told off in three reliefs. Sixty more were put on to the tackles of the paddle box boats, and the remainder were brought on to the poop of the after part of the ship, as she was rolling heavily. The commander next ordered the officers' chargers to be pitched out of the gangway. The plunging and terrified horses were got up and cast over, five of them managing to swim ashore. The cutter was then got ready for the women and children, who had been collected under the poop awning, and they were passed in one by one. There being room in the boat for one or two more, the order was given for any trumpeter or bugler boys to be taken. A young drummer standing near was told by an officer to get into the boat, but, drawing himself up, exclaimed that he drew man's pay and would stick by his comrades. The cutter then shoved off in charge of one of the ship's officers, and the women and children were safe.

No sooner was she clear than the entire bow of the vessel broke off at the foremast, the bowsprit going up in the air toward the foretopmast. The funnel also went over the side, carrying away the starboard paddle box and boat and crushing the men on the tackles. The paddle box boat capsized on being lowered, and the large boat in the center of the ship could not be got up.

The men were then ordered on to the poop, where they stood calmly awaiting their fate. Within a few minutes the vessel broke in two, crosswise, just abaft the engine room, and the stern began rapidly to fill. In this extremity the commander called out, "Those who can swim jump overboard and make for the boats!" but the officers begged the soldiers not to, as the boat with the women and children would be swamped. They were young men in the prime of life, with all before them, yet no one moved, nor did any sign of terror or fear escape them. Lower and lower sank the vessel into the deadly sea. The old transport shivered, gave a final plunge and disappeared, carrying with her the band of heroes on deck and those working below at the pumps.

Men of all ages and ranks they were—the colonel and the drummer boy, officers of gentle birth and men from the workshop, the plow and the mine, but all animated with the same heroic resolution, fortitude and chivalry—as cool as though they had been on their parade ground, with as much courage as in action in the field. A few managed to cling to the rigging of the mainmast, part of which remained out of water, while others got hold of floating pieces of wood and were eventually rescued, but of fourteen officers and 458 men no fewer than nine officers and 349 men perished, many falling prey to the attacks of the sharks, which surrounded the ship in shoals, waiting for their victims. Every woman and child was saved.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to the memory of the brave was the order of the king of Prussia for the account of the wreck of the Birkenhead to be read on three successive parades at the head of every regiment in his army, and it was spoken of in every school in Prussia and Germany.—London Globe.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

At the End of the Lower Level.

By AZILE AIDYL.

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"My heaven!" said Old Sinclair as he rose impatiently from the table and reached for his hat. "If only I was strong enough to work it I'd risk the cave-in, put up a drill there at the end of the lower level and bore through that confounded rock myself, and the timber gang c'd go to"—

The door slammed, and his daughter heard him stride on down the trail leading to the mine.

Helen did not wonder at the outburst of temper. Her father had sunk his last dollar in this mine, and now with riches—as he confidently believed—almost within his grasp the timber gang refused to work without their last month's pay.

It was impossible to "drift" without them. The mine was unsafe and liable to cave without the support of the big timbers. Sinclair was confident that once through this wall of slate which they had struck in the lower level he would find again the rich ledge which had suddenly stopped 200 feet above. Then wages would be paid with interest.

To Mason, the owner of the adjoining mine, he had said, "Any darn fool knows that a high grade four foot ledge isn't going to stop off short, as though cut in two with a saw, unless old nature's had a spasm and in twisting things about given this slate a chance to wedge itself in."

And now as he swung on down the steep trail he met Mason coming up.

"Things have come to a crisis there, I hear," said the latter, nodding his head in the direction of the mine, "and I'd like to talk to you about it before you go down."

"The miners will not work without the protection of the timbers. I believe you are nearer through that slate than you realize. I was down in the drift today, and the character of the rock is changing. It's quite possible that one more day's work would bring you to the quartz, but the men have quit and you are helpless. What I want to propose is that you let me go down there and work for two or three days. No, no," as Sinclair raised his hand to protest; "it's all right. There is no danger of a cave-in with only one drill at work. Let me try it for a couple of days anyway."

"It's exactly what I would do myself if I was equal to it," said Sinclair, "but it's a big thing for me to accept from you, Mason. If anything went wrong I"—

"Nonsense! It won't go wrong. It's only giving me a chance to prove I am right. And no one need know what I am doing. I'd a little rather you would not speak of it particularly to—to Helen. Just a notion. And now I'd like to begin this work tonight."

Sinclair simply grasped his hand. Then together they strode down to the mine.

Everything was quiet. The pounding of the stamps had ceased. The only sign of activity was in the engine room, where the engineer was, as usual, pumping the water out of the shaft.

Sinclair motioned to him. The huge "bucket" poised at the mouth of the shaft. They stepped well on to the center, holding to the rope, and began their descent. Down, down, past the different levels, which were swallowed up in inky blackness, the bucket glided noiselessly on, the only sound being the drip-dripping of the water as it percolated through the timbers lining the shaft.

At last they came to a standstill 1,000 feet below. Sinclair reached over and pressed a button at the side of the shaft, and the entire tunnel was ablaze with electric lights, stretched along its roof.

The two men traversed the entire length of the tunnel to the end of the "stope," where the miners had ceased work a few hours before. Sinclair helped Mason to get the Burleigh into position, and then, saying he himself would remain at the engine through the night in case Mason wanted help, he walked through to the shaft and signaled to be hoisted above.

Mason worked until early morning, set off his blasts and went home for a few hours' rest. Returning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he saw that his work of the night before had uncovered rich gold bearing quartz. He chipped off a piece and put it in his pocket, and then, intensely excited, he pushed the car, filled with the worthless slate, along the track to the crosscut, where an enormous bulkhead support was being built with the "waste."

Mason deposited his load on the "dump" and turned to push back when he heard an appalling roar, but only for a fraction of a second, then a tremendous crash, and he felt himself hurled with terrific force against the bulkhead, and all was blank.

* * * * * * *

Up on the hill at the Sinclair cottage Helen had just returned from her ride, but she lingered, chatting with her father and feeding Sultan his usual lumps of sugar. Suddenly they heard a dull, muffled boom.

Sinclair turned ghastly white as he exclaimed:

"My God—a cave!"

"Oh, dad, thank heaven the men quit work! There's no one in the mine."

"But there is! Mason's there!" cried Sinclair as he rapidly tightened the girth of Sultan's saddle. "He thought he could bore through that wall himself. He's been there since yesterday. He asked me not to tell you."

And the old man sprang into the saddle like a boy of sixteen and dashed down the steep trail.

Helen sank limply on the lower step of the porch. Mason to do this thing for her father—Mason, whom she had taunted and treated with scant courtesy!

Her father's words, "He asked me not to tell you," spoke eloquently of wounded pride caused by her mocking words which had sent him away, with the command to remain away for the last three months.

And now—oh, she could not bear it. She gathered up her riding habit and ran swiftly down the trail.

When she reached the mine the entire population of the camp had gathered in excited groups near the hoist. Sinclair, ready to make the first trip down, would permit no one to go with him. Slowly the engineer lowered the old man down the shaft.

The time seemed an eternity, particularly to the tall, slim girl who stood motionless and white apart from the crowd, her eyes strained to catch the slightest vibration of the signal wire. At last came two short jerks—the signal to hoist quickly. A great sob came from the entire crowd.

"It's no use, my friends," Sinclair said, with his eyes on Helen. "The cave began in the 800 foot level and has buried everything as far as the crosscut."

"But the manhole, dad?" came through Helen's white lips.

"There is only one chance in a million that Mason was at that end of the crosscut. But if he was he would by this time have made his way through the north drift to the foot of the manhole, and then think of the climb—hundreds of feet!"

Sinclair led the way, and the anxious crowd moved on to the north end of the claim, where now existed the only egress from the lower level.

Dozens of men were ready to make the descent down the small round well, with its hundreds of feet of ladder, but Sinclair selected one of the younger, stronger men, and just as he stepped over the edge a "yip-yip" was heard. He drew back, and the crowd listened.

The sound came nearer, eager eyes peered into the dark below, and in a few moments eager hands stretched down to lift an exhausted, half fainting man to the surface. His forehead was cut, and the blood made his white face ghastly. His left arm hung limp and broken.

Helen, with a cry, pushed through the crowd to his side and oblivious of any one in the world but him, supported a word in his grimy ear.

His pale face brightened. His eyes shone as he took her hand, and, turning to Sinclair, he said: "You were right, old man. The gold is there. But I think," with a glance toward Helen, "that I as well as you have found a fortune through the lower level."

Supposing the Ax Had Fallen!

Some years ago an Englishman, medical student, while examining a gallows in a big waxworks exhibition in London, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and at it once flashed into his mind that the sharp ax suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed or it would fall, as it should, with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain.

"I'm thinking," said the gentleman, a Scottish visitor to the metropolis, to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the ax before releasing him from his predicament. The ax was afterward removed and laid by the side of the structure to prevent future accidents.

The White Flower.

There is a lady living on a main street in a certain great city who had a window full of flowers, all in bloom. One day she answered a ring at the doorbell to find a little girl perhaps nine years old shivering on the doorstep.

"Please, ma'am," said the waif, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?" The request was such an unusual one that the lady hesitated in surprise.

"Just one little flower," pleaded the child, looking as if she were about to cry.

"Why, of course," said the lady, "you shall have a flower. Come in. You shall have a pretty red rose."

She stepped to the window where the flowers grew, but before she had cut one a light touch fell on her arm.

"Not that one, please—not a red one; that white one." And the little girl pointed to a candidum unfolding its lily petals.

"I cannot cut that one, child," said the lady gently. "Why must you have a white one? Why won't any flower do?"

"Oh, because—because it's for poor mamma. Mamma is dead, and I ran away to get some flowers." The next moment she was sobbing on the bosom of a new friend, and when she went away she carried the precious lily and other flowers to the home where death had been.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 383, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.—Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. HAYLE, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 337, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant. D. F. WILDER, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

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W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

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Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. H. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Ruth's Aunt Mehitable.

By ANNE HILLMAN.

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Hetty Peters sat gazing out of her window across the closely cropped lawn, past the garden of many hued roses and away to the woods, all white with dogwood and purple with violets. She held a letter in her hand. Not in many a long year had Hetty's face worn such an expression of woe.

"If you please, ma'am," awakened her from the trance. She turned to the cook and gave her orders for the day. Then, with a sigh, she opened the letter and reread it:

"Dear Aunt Mehitable—Papa and Jessie Miller will be married Tuesday morning and sail for Europe the same day on an extended trip. So I shall leave college and go home to look after you.

"The Stirlings are here for the wedding. You know they are related to Jessie. Fred looks as old as his father. They have made a mint of money mining in Colorado and intend to buy back their estate and settle down as the richest neighbors we'd. No place like the south, they declare. I've invited them to make our house their home. The negotiations are pending. Dudgeon will detain Mr. Stirling in Boston for a few weeks, but Fred will come to town with me. Expect us on Thursday. Your loving nephew, RUTH."

"Jessie's a dear soul. I hope they'll be very happy," Hetty murmured to herself. "But I never thought John would marry again. And Ruth coming back a year before I expected. This'll never seem like home to me any more."

Hetty Peters was single. She had never had a lover, had never looked for one and, incredible as it may seem, had never wished for one. She had been altogether too busy, first, in looking after a younger sister and brother, and, second, in caring for her delicate mother, to consider her matrimonial prospects. The brother and sister had grown up, married and moved north. Her mother's death had left her alone. When her elder brother's wife died she had gone to live with him, and for several years her services had been happily unsentimental. Now came the disquieting news of John's second marriage and of her niece's unexpected return.

Ruth had a decided predilection for managing everything and everybody she came in contact with. Her aunt had always doubted whether her mother was the one who remembered her baptismal name, and Hetty detested it, but Ruth persisted in calling her Aunt Mehitable.

"Perhaps she intends to marry Fred," Hetty reflected hopefully. "If she does, of course he'll have to give in. He was a nice looking boy when he left. I remember I kissed him goodbye; he seemed such a boy, and he is a year older than I am."

On Thursday Miss Peters was at the station when the northern train arrived. While she was watching the outcoming passengers from one car a hand touched softly her arm, and a pleasant voice exclaimed, "Hetty, you have not changed a bit since we parted."

"I've grown fifteen years older," she answered, giving her hand to a tall, bronzed, handsome man, whose dark eyes were scrutinizing her admiringly.

"I know it," he replied. "So have I."

"Fred, loosen that checkrein. Aunt Mehitable, how could you drive this horse in such a condition? You really need some one to look after you!"

And Hetty realized, with a pang, that Ruth had come back to her own.

"No tea for me," she commanded at the dinner table. "Aunt Mehitable, I'm surprised at you! Any doctor will tell you that tannic acid is a rank poison. It's positively criminal to use tea or coffee when one can have fresh milk."

The next morning Ruth's sway began.

"Just up?" she called out as Hetty made her appearance at 7 o'clock. "I've been up for hours. I shall move the breakfast time an hour earlier, and you must come for a walk every morning before breakfast. It will do you a world of good." And Aunt Hetty, realizing the futility of argument where Ruth was concerned, miserably acquiesced.

"Is it possible you sleep on a feather bed?" exclaimed Ruth that evening, unexpectedly invading her aunt's room. "Don't you know that feathers are not sanitary? You need some one to look after you, Aunt Mehitable."

"I'm not so old as that," protested Hetty.

"It isn't altogether a matter of age; it's temperament. You take life like a grasshopper. You really do need some one. Of course you'll have me still"—

"Until you marry?" suggested Hetty.

"I have been thinking of it," Ruth admitted complacently. "By the way, how do you like Fred?"

"I think he is in every way desirable. I don't believe a woman could ask for a better husband."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Ruth. "Was his father a good husband?"

"I do not remember. I only remember mother. She died when I was very young. But I always understood they were very happy."

"I met Mr. Stirling frequently at Jessie's," said Ruth. "He came to Boston on business. If Fred is like his father I'm sure he'll make a good husband. We were talking about you this afternoon. He thinks you look younger than I do, and he thinks, as I do, that you need some one to take care of you. He really takes a great interest in you, Aunt Mehitable."

"He takes a great interest in you apparently, which is more to the point," ejaculated her exasperated aunt. "Do you mean to pretend that you don't want Fred to be fond of you?"

"Why, of course," asserted Ruth as she rose to leave the room. "Of course I hope Fred is going to be fond of me. I shall have that feather bed taken up to the garret tomorrow morning, Aunt Mehitable."

In the days that followed Hetty found herself taken in hand and "looked after" with a thoroughness that reduced her to the verge of melancholia. All her actions and movements were regulated by her energetic niece, who decided what she should eat, what she should drink and wherewithal she should be clothed.

"Ruth is so systematic," said Hetty loyally when Fred awkwardly attempted to condole with her. "She has such executive ability. She's really wonderful."

"She is, indeed," Fred assented. "She is a perfect example of what the higher education can do for a woman. But, joking aside, I don't think she's an awfully good sort, and I'm fonder of her than any other girl I know. This is a very pleasant day. Won't you come for a row on the river, Hetty?"

"No, I have some work that must be attended to," she faltered.

"You haven't given me any of your attention, since I've been here," he complained. "You're not treating me right, Hetty."

"But—Ruth"— Hetty began in surprise.

Fred rose to his feet.

"Hetty," he said, "I want you to know something. When I left for the west, you kissed me goodby. Oh, I know you felt nothing but friendship for your old playfellow, and it sounds silly to say, but it's true, I've never kiss'd another woman. I meant to tell you some day, and now that"— He paused. "I promised not to say anything until Ruth told you, but"—

"I understand," said Hetty softly.

"Did she tell you?" he asked.

"Not in so many words, but I think she meant me to understand. I am so glad."

"I began last winter," said Fred. "I'm glad too. I think we're all going to be very happy."

"Aunt Mehitable," broke in Ruth's crisp voice, "here's a telegram from Mr. Stirling. He will arrive this evening."

The intelligence was welcome to Hetty. She felt that she could not have endured another word.

Hetty spent the remainder of the day in her room. Fred and Ruth waved their hands gayly when she drove off to the station to meet Mr. Stirling. How well they looked together, she thought, something in the sight stirred a strain of sadness in her. She seemed to realize for the first time that she had been shunted out of her own home.

Absorbed in her sad musings, she absentmindedly took a turning which made her drive longer by half a mile. When she reached the station Mr. Stirling had already started for the Pines.

Hetty drove back slowly. The full moon arose and the air was sweet with the scent of roses, but Hetty had no thoughts for the beauty of the night.

She threw the reins to the stable boy and took a short cut for the house. She was in no mood to join the family party and intended to go quietly to her room.

As she passed the rose garden she caught sight of Ruth's white dress in the shrubbery. Ruth's face was upturned to her companion and—yes, he had taken her in his arms. It was Ruth's kiss Fred would remember now.

Hetty sat down on a rustic seat under a live oak. The meaning of it all swept over her. She was thirty-four, and there had never been moonlight or a rose garden for her. She had always left love out of her plans for herself, and now it was Fred, Ruth's Fred, out there in the rose garden, and she was alone with the emptiness of the long unlived years—alone and old. Her eyes filled with scalding tears, and she sobbed aloud.

"Why, Hetty, what on earth are you crying about?"

Fred sat down beside her and gathered her in his arms.

"Don't cry, dearest," he implored. "Tell me what the trouble is. Don't you want dad to have Ruth? Why, I"—

"Your father!" gasped Hetty. "Is that who she's with?"

"Why, of course," said Fred. "I told you all about it."

Hetty sprang up in astonishment.

"I expected her to marry you," she cried.

He laughed softly.

"I didn't. She knew all along that I wanted to marry you. She's been doing all she could to make the match. She knew you needed some one to look after you."

The Seven Prophets.

"The late Duke of Devonshire," said a diplomat at a Washington dinner, "kept a stud and took a calm and dueal interest in the races. There was a certain sporting paper that kept a large staff of prophets and always prophesied the outcome of important races. The duke for some reason, put great reliance in these prophets and their prophecies. He always read the paper and he continually recommended it to his friends. But once at Goodwood, at the day's end, a man came up to the duke and said:

"'What of your paper now? Did you see it this morning? Six prophets prophesied that six different horses would win, and here only seven ran, and the winner was the seventh, which no prophet had selected. Well, what have you to say now?'

"'All I have to say,' the duke answered calmly, 'is that there's room for another prophet on that paper.'"

LEARNING TO SWIM.

The Fat Man Who Was a Model of Patience and Perseverance.

Perseverance in undertaking is a laudable virtue, but it can be a bit overdone sometimes, as in a case described by Y. L. Molloy in "Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers." Mr. Molloy and his friends, longing for a good dive, went to a swimming school on an island in the Seine. They donned their rented costumes and were preparing for the plunge when a man with ropes came along and insisted on tying them about their waists. It was according to police regulations, and although they made an indignant protest, they were obliged to submit.

While we were dressing, says Mr. Molloy, we asked the two swimming masters for an extra towel.

"Pardon," they replied, "we must attend to our monsieur."

Then we saw that there had come upon the platform a short and absurdly fat man dressed in bathing costume, swimming sandals and oiled cap.

"Let's see him go in," said we. "What a splash he'll make!"

The swimming masters received the new arrival at the middle of the platform. There he balanced himself on his stomach on a wooden stump two feet high. The masters seized him by his hands and feet and with slow and deliberate movements made him strike out with the action of swimming. They kept this up for a quarter of an hour, and the perspiration rolled off him in great drops.

"He'll be awfully hot to go into the water after that," said I.

But he did not go into the water. The swimming lesson over, he moved toward the dressing room, saying:

"I have done better today."

"Ah, yes," answered one of the masters. "Your progress is admirable."

The fat man beamed with complaisance and went in to dress.

I called the swimming masters aside.

"Does our monsieur practice often like that? He must have great perseverance."

"Perseverance! He has worked like this for ten years, and he has never been in the water!"

SIGN OF A BEATEN MAN.

Runner Who Looks Behind Almost Sure to Lose the Race.

"There are many more good distances at most show than in my days," said an old time champion after watching a three mile scratch race at the New York athletic club games. "But the habits of the runners have not changed any. I noticed one little trick in the race that bore the significance that used to attach to it.

"To the casual onlooker there was nothing to choose between the two leaders when they were beginning the last quarter of a mile. Right from the crack of the pistol they were running almost stride for stride with the low, graceful, easy action of the real long distance runner.

"Neither had called into use the reserve power which must be utilized in the final sprint for victory when they turned into the stretch for the final lap. Then one of them slightly turned his head to see where the third man was.

"That man is beaten,' was the thought which occurred to me at once, and it proved true, as always, for when the dash for the finish began he allowed his rival to get a lead of five yards before going after him in earnest pursuit.

"From that point to the finish there was no perceptible difference in the speed of the men, but the man who had turned his head to make sure that he would get second place, instead of bending every energy to win, of course landed where his thoughts placed him."—New York Sun.

The Gun Barrel's Grew.

In the early days in the northwest, when the Hudson Bay company laid the foundations of great fortunes by trade with the savages and a gun paid for as many beaver skins as would reach to the muzzle of it, the skins packed flat and the gun held upright, it was alleged that the barrel of the weapon grew and grew with each successive year until the Indian, after he had bought it with the pelfry, had to borrow a file and cut off a foot of useless metal.

Domestic Bliss.

Wife—I have about made up my mind, John, that when I married you I married a fool. Husband—That reminds me of a remark you made just before we were married. You remember that you said it would be hard to find two people more alike than you and I.

His Glassy Eye.

Doctor—I diagnose all sickness from the patient's eyes. Now, your right eye tells me that your kidneys are affected. Patient—Excuse me, doctor, but my right is a glass eye.—Moody's Magazine.

Simple.

Lawyer (at the theater on the first night)—I can't imagine how the piece can be drawn out into five acts. Author—Oh, that is very simple. In the first act, you see, the hero gets into a lawsuit.

Chance For Imagination.

Newspaper men were to be excluded from a famous trial. "That's good," one of them remarked. "I hate to be hampered by facts in writing up a case of this kind."—Exchange.

The Wife Did It All.

Hewitt—Couldn't you get the person you called up by telephone? Jewitt—Oh, yes. Hewitt—But I didn't hear you say anything. Jewitt—It was my wife I called.—New York Press.

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The Real Prince

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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How Katherine Searle came to be Jack Carrington's ward belongs to the early chapters of a long story. It dates back, in fact, fifteen years, when Katherine was a three-year-old baby and Carrington a young man of twenty.

But at the beginning of the present chapter, after having been "finished off" at a very proper boarding school, Katherine had just returned from a winter in Europe with Carrington's married sister.

And Carrington as he sat in the twilight on the luxuriously appointed porch of his out of town house was expertantly awaiting a promised after dinner talk with her.

In accordance with a long and carefully formulated plan he felt that the time had now come for him to take Katherine seriously in hand and to prepare her for the prominent part she was sure to play in a world of admiring but, alas, inconstant men.

Katherine, radiant in a fluffy glory of some soft, delicate stuff, beyond man's comprehension, at length tripped out through the casement door and perched herself affectionately on the arm of her guardian's easy chair. He took her little white hand in his and patted it gently as he would a child's.

"I suppose you haven't begun to think about marriage yet, little girl?" he asked by way of tactful beginning.

"Begin to think about it?" echoed Katherine. "Why, I've always thought about it—always and always."

Carrington looked up in amazement. "I'm," he mused, "I haven't begun a moment too soon, it seems." Then aloud he added: "So you've always thought about marriage, my dear? Well, well! And what have you thought about it?"

Katherine threw her arms about his neck and gave him an energetic hug. Then she placed a cushion at his feet and settled herself comfortably.

"I'll tell you," she began confidentially. "I've always adored fairy stories, and of course there's a glorious young prince in every fairy story, you know. Well, it was always fun when I was a little girl to imagine myself the beautiful princess whom the prince was looking for and now I've grown up, guardy dear, it's just as much fun," she finished naively.

Carrington laughed heartily. He was greatly relieved.

"Imaginary princes are all very harmless and proper little Kit," he commented indulgently. "But pretty soon you'll begin to think about real everyday men."

"Pretty soon?" she queried tensingly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Carrington, with an unconcern he was far from feeling. "You've not thought about real men already?"

"You'd call Harvey Dunton a real man, wouldn't you?" Katherine asked, looking at him roguishly.

Carrington's jesting mood passed in a flash. He shut his teeth with sudden vexation.

"Where did you meet Harvey Dunton?" he inquired searchingly.

"On the steamer coming back," answered Katherine. "Your sister introduced him. He's really very devoted to me. He's coming around later this evening. He sings, you know, and I've promised to play his accompaniments. Don't you like him, guardy? You don't look as though you do."

"Oh, Dunton's all right," he answered good naturedly, suddenly alive to the fact that he must play his hand cautiously. "You evidently like him, little girl?" he queried.

"I don't know really, guardy. But he likes me. That's as far as we've got," was Katherine's ingenuous reply. "I'm not taking him very seriously because, you see, somehow he isn't exactly like the prince I've been expecting."

"I should hope not," muttered Carrington.

"What did you say?"

"I said he's coming across the lawn now," evaded Carrington. "I'll stay out here and listen to the music if you don't mind, Kit."

"Just as you like, guardy, dear," laughed Kitty. "I'll come out again after he's gone and tell you how we got on."

"Well?" asked Carrington an hour or so later as Katherine appeared suddenly in the doorway.

She did not answer, but stood as if spellbound. This was a bad sign—a very bad sign, as Carrington interpreted it.

"Well?" he ventured again, this time a trifle peremptorily.

"Guardy," exclaimed Katherine, her rapt expression breaking into the merriest of smiles, "I'd forgotten you were out here."

"That's the way it seemed to me," returned Carrington dryly. "Dunton has a very alluring voice, hasn't he? Come over here, you mischievous kitten, and confess, as you promised."

Katherine came slowly.

"I'll tell you, guardy," she began hesitatingly, perching herself, as usual, on the arm of his chair—"that is, if I can; I hardly know myself how I feel. You see, when Mr. Dunton isn't singing I don't like him any better than I do lots of other men, not nearly as well as some, but"—

"Lots of other men, did I understand you to say?" interrupted Carrington.

"Oh, well, three or four, guardy! What do a half dozen, more or less, matter?"

"There's safety in numbers, to be sure," replied Carrington tritely.

"But let's get back to Dunton. You were going to tell me how you feel about him."

Immediately Katherine dropped her frivolous pose and became thoughtful.

"When he's talking, guardy, he might just as well be any man, as I told you, but when he sings, well"—

"Well?"

"I almost feel that my prince has come," breathed Katherine ecstatically.

"That's very romantic," was Carrington's chilling comment. "When will you see him again?"

"Not for a week. He was to go up to town on important business," sighed Katherine.

"Well, off to bed with you now, my child," ordered the stern guardian, "and may some good fairy tell you how to know the real prince when he comes."

A week later to a night Carrington again sat listening to Dunton's full magnetic voice as, with seductive ease, it glided through one love sing after another to Katherine's sympathetic accompaniment.

Suddenly there came a pause in the singing—a long pause. Carrington waited for the sound of talking, but the silence was unbroken.

Without stopping to weigh the justice of motive or consequences, he bumped in determinedly and made a dramatic entree into the music room.

Dunton, startled, straightened himself stiffly. He had been leaning over Katherine, looking into her eyes with passionate pleading.

"This business must stop right here," commanded Carrington, looking Dunton squarely in the eye.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Carrington," replied Dunton haughtily. "If you have been eavesdropping you could have heard nothing, for nothing has been said."

"No, that's just the trouble," retorted Carrington hotly. "Nothing has been said. Miss Searle is my ward, as you know, and it is my duty to protect her from such sorcerers as you. I happen to know that, like the carefully guarded ladies in the fairy tales, she is waiting for her prince to come"—here Carrington sniffed down upon Katherine gently and placed his arm about her—"a real prince, Mr. Dunton. They wear many disguises, you know, and the lady's protector has to be on the alert."

Dunton turned ashy white.

"I trust that she may find her real prince," he answered scornfully and walked angrily from the room.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away Katherine flung both her warm white arms around Carrington's neck. Her eyes were full of shining tears, but her lips were smiling.

"Guardy," she said softly, "I have found my prince!"

"Katherine, you don't mean"—began Carrington joyfully.

"Yes, Jack I do."

"And so," said Jack lovingly, after he had kissed her until she protested, "this is the end of the fairy story?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Katherine softly. "They lived happily ever after, you know."

Exercise or Die.

Every man and woman must do some muscular work or take equivalent exercise, else they will die long before their natural time. And if one's vocation involves the use of only one set of muscles work must be found for the other muscles, else the individual becomes disproportionate in form and eventually a prey to disease.

A hodcarrier, who is required to use nearly all his muscles, exerting himself close to the limit of his strength, for many hours daily, never gives any thought to artificial exercise, for he has no need of any. But the professional man, the clerk, the typist and the saleswoman—all these find little real use for the muscles in their daily employment, and they require to take up some system of physical exercise to maintain normal health. Then there are factory operatives and the toilers in various trades, whose work brings into play certain sets of muscles, while others are out of use. These require exercise adapted to giving employment to the neglected muscles. There is also a class of wealthy people who do no regular work of any kind, who require to follow some strength giving sport in lieu of work. At the opposite extreme is a class of athletes who make a business of artificial exercise and build themselves up into mountains of muscle. These almost invariably overdo and in consequence suffer later.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

A Real Fire Engine.

In all the varied list of curious causes of fires perhaps the most absurd was the source of a conflagration that occurred in Worcestershire, England, in 1902. The Worcester Insurance company decided to change its fire engine from a horse drawn vehicle to one operated by a motor. The work was not quite completed when the company received warning of a fire which had broken out on a farm at nearby Kempsey village. However, the engine was in sufficient running order to be sent on forthwith under the action of the newly installed motor.

Unhappily the engine's funnel had not been protected by a spark protector. As a result the trail of the snorting mechanism was embellished with a gorgeous train of sparks. Therein lay the cause of trouble. In a lane the fire engine met a wagon loaded with straw, which it promptly set on fire. Unheeding, it hurried on its way and in its course presently ignited some stacks which bordered on the road. It still pushed on relentlessly, however, and came to a standstill only when the water tube of the motor burst. It was still some hundreds of yards from its destination, and there it remained ingloriously helpless while the fire at the farm burned itself out.—Boston Post.

A CLERK'S BLUNDER.

Its Effect Upon the Fortunes of Our Revolutionary War.

The element of chance as exemplified by the blunder of a copyist had an important bearing on the result of our war for independence. As is well known, the crisis of the military between Great Britain and the revolting colonies was reached when General Burgoyne's campaign was planned in London. The object was to strike a tremendous blow at the center of the Revolution. The British forces were to take possession of the Mohawk and Hudson valleys by a concentric march from Lake Champlain, Oswego and New York on converging lines toward Albany. The ascent of the Hudson by Sir William Howe's army was essential to the success of a scheme by which New England was to be cut off as by a wedge from the southern colonies.

Orders were sent out from London for the advance of Burgoyne's and St. Leger's forces from Canada. At first Sir William Howe was merely informed of the plan and was armed with discretionary powers, but finally a dispatch was drafted positively ordering him to cooperate in the movement from New York.

A British clerk made a hasty and very careless copy of the dispatch, which the minister, Lord George Germaine, found great difficulty in reading. He angrily reprimanded the culprit and ordered a fresh copy to be made without flaw or erasure. Being pressed for time and anxious for a holiday, Lord George posted off to the country without waiting for the fresh copy.

The military order was laboriously copied by the clerk's best hand, but when it was finished the minister was not there to sign it. It was pigeonholed and overlooked when he returned and was not sent to America until long afterward. Howe, being left with full discretion, allowed himself to be drawn into military operations against Washington's army near Philadelphia. Burgoyne's army was entrapped, cut off from retreat and forced to surrender at Saratoga.

Thus the fortunes of the Revolutionary war turned upon the carelessness of a British clerk.—London Household Herald.

SOAP BUBBLES.

How Some Marvelous Effects May Be Produced.

There are doubtless few of us in all the times, but one could hardly think that there were any left in the art of blowing soap bubbles. An article in the Windsor Magazine by Meredith Nugent, however, shows that some very pretty and marvelous effects may be obtained by the exercise of care and patience with soap and water.

The first step is to make a solution by rubbing pure white castile soap into a bowl partly filled with water until a lather has been formed. Then remove every particle of lather, dip a clay pipe into the cleared solution and start to blow a bubble.

If you can blow one six inches in diameter so that it will hang suspended from the pipe and will allow your forefinger covered with the solution to be pushed through into the bubble without breaking, then the mixture is ready for use.

Six bubbles may be blown, one inside the other. This is performed by dipping the end of a straw in the soapy water and after resting the wet end upon an inverted plate or sheet of glass, which should have been previously wet with the solution, blow a bubble six inches in diameter.

Then dip the straw into the solution again, carefully thrust it through into the center of this first bubble and blow another. Continue in this manner until all the bubbles are in position. Great care must be taken that the straw is thoroughly wet with solution for fully half its length before each bubble is blown. With practice ten or twelve bubbles may be placed inside of one another.

No Tears Nor Hills.

In the days when Rowley Hill was bishop of the Isle of Man one of his clergymen bearing the name of Tears came to say adieu to his bishop on getting preferment. The parson said: "Goodby, my lord. I hope we may meet again, but if not here in some better place."

The bishop replied, "I fear the latter is unlikely, as there are no Tears in heaven."

"No doubt," wittily answered the parson, "you are right that our chance of meeting is small, as one reads of the plains of paradise, but never of any Hills there."—London Queen.

Australian Bushmen.

Although the bushmen of Australia are the very lowest in the scale of ignorance, they possess a rare instinct that equals that of many animals and is in its way as wonderful as man's reason. It is almost impossible for them to be lost. Even if they be led away from their home blindfolded for miles, when released they will unerringly turn in the right direction and make their way to their best homes, and, though those are all very similar, they never make a mistake.

Fool and Sage.

The fool and his money are parted, not long did they stay in cahoots, but the fool is the cheerfullest hearted and gladdest of human galoots. His neighbor is better and wiser, six figures might tell what he's worth, but, oh, how folks wish the old miser would fall off the edge of the earth!—Emporia Gazette.

Nothing preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

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Destiny and The Dog.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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DEACON URIAH PARTRIDGE, long, lank and dignified, squatted like a half fed turkey gobbler on a limb in Miss Cullen's back yard, holding up the dangling skirts of his Prince Albert with his left hand and shaking his right fist spitefully at Miss Cullen's spotted bull terrier, crouched threateningly at the foot of the tree and eying him with calm and patient persistence. Uncle Simeon Yates peeked over the picket fence, his smooth, rotund face looking like the full moon just rising above the horizon line, the tears coursing down his cheeks, his mouth preoccupied with an aggravating grin and his fat sides shaking like a cup of jelly in an earthquake.

"What in the world," snorted Simeon, ripping a paling off the fence in the excessiveness of his hilarity—"what in the world, deacon, are you doin' up in Miss Cullen's apple tree?"

"Now, Brother Yates," replied the deacon soberly, his wrinkled forehead oozing ice water and his right hand grabbing desperately at a neighboring limb, "I just climb up here to see if Miss Cullen's trees had survived the winter, and the dog"— But Simeon interrupted.

"Who'd 'a' thought," he mused aloud, pulling out his handkerchief and drying his eyes—"who'd 'a' thought Miss Cullen's bull terrier would have developed into a bird dog? But if he hasn't got a partridge treed this blessed minute I'll—I'll"— He nearly pulled the fence up by the roots.

The deacon's ire kindled. "That's right!" he roared. "Stand there like a grinnin' old hyena and laugh! Didn't you ever see a man in a tree before? Don't you know when you behold a fuller critter in distress? Why don't you climb over the fence and drive away that fool dog? D'ye want to see me killed right before your very eyes?"

"But it isn't my dog," uttered Simeon. "It's Miss Cullen's, and it's in Miss Cullen's own lot."

"I tell you I can't hang on much longer," whined the deacon. "I've been here for an hour. I've got blisters all over me."

"Well," replied Simeon, "reckon I'd better go and tell Miss Cullen"—

"No! Don't you do it!" yelled the deacon, blushing scarlet. "Don't ye dare do it! I don't want you to tell her—I don't want her to know."

Simeon ripped another paling off the fence. His eyes were dancing as if they were tickled to death.

"Why don't ye drop on the dog's back and crack his spine?" he suggested. "Why don't ye glare at him with burnin' indignation and scorch his hide off?"

"You're an insultin' old wretch," cried the deacon angrily, "a libberin' idjit that don't know no better than to stand there and laugh the palin's off of a poor, lone woman's fence!"

He turned to shake his fist, but lost his balance and fell. Desperately he clutched at a limb and pulled himself up again—out of the very teeth of the growling terrier. Then he glanced vindictively toward Simeon, but Simeon was moving away.

"Hey, Brother Yates!" he yelled, despairingly. "Come back, please come back, Brother Yates!"

SQUATTED LIKE A HALF FED TURKEY GOBBLER.

"I ain't used to bein' addressed in such endearin' terms, deacon," replied Simeon, "and I thought mebby my room was better than my company."

"No, no," vociferated the deacon anxiously. "I didn't mean what I said. I was hasty. I am sorry, Brother Yates. Please don't go away and leave me in this tree!"

Simeon rested his arms on top of the pickets and gazed at him in pensive sympathy. "Well, Brother Partridge," he replied solemnly, "if I can be any comfort to ye in your last moments I allow it's my Christian duty to remain."

"If you're goin' to do anything," gasped the other, exasperated by Simeon's deliberate slowness, "for God's sake do it quick! This limb is cruckin'."

"I might turn in a fire alarm," suggested Simeon calmly. "Mebby if we had the hook and ladder truck"—

"No!" ejaculated the deacon. "For goodness' sake, please don't do that! I don't want everybody in town to know. I want to keep it quiet. They wouldn't understand."

"Well, then," declared Simeon doubtfully, "there be only one more hope for ye, Brother Partridge—if you had a balloon."

"O Lord!" moaned the deacon. "Can't ye quit actin' the fool, Brother Yates? Can't ye suggest somethin' reasonable?"

Exasperated beyond endurance, Partridge shook his fist at Simeon. Crack! Bough, deacon, Prince Albert and plug hat struck the ground in a confused heap.

There was a terrified scrambling, a muffled growl. Then something long and lank, with flowing hair and protruding eyes, dashed straight for Uncle Simeon. Crash! A section of the paling fence gave way, and up the street the deacon dashed, pale of countenance, bare of head, Miss Cullen's bull terrier clinging grimly to his coattail and flapping from side to side like a disabled rudder.

"POOH, POOH, POOH!" HE PUFFED.

"Go it, deacon! Go it, dog!" yelled Uncle Simeon, jumping up and down and swinging his old felt hat. "Go it, blame ye, go it!"

Uncle Simeon leaned against the remnant of the fence and shook it till it squeaked. He held his two pudgy hands against his ample sides and rolled his eyes in misery.

"Won't somebody please come and make me stop laughin'?" he yelled. "If they don't I'm goin' to die. The deacon, the dog! I'll blow up and bust. I can't never live long enough to get through laughin'. They'll have to postpone my funeral till I stop laughin'. I never knowed anybody could move their legs as fast as the deacon did. I—I—he—he!" His strength gave out, and he sank, a gurgling heap, upon the sidewalk.

When finally he arose the dog was crawling under the fence, a ragged piece of black cloth in his jaws. At sight of it Simeon was thrown into another spasm of mirth, from which he had not entirely recovered when he reached Miss Cullen's door.

His knock was answered by the lady in person. She was of uncertain age, inclined to be angular and decidedly deaf.

"Good afternoon, Miss Cullen!" shouted Simeon. "I was wonderin' have you seen Deacon Partridge today, mum?"

Miss Cullen's brow darkened. "No! I haven't," she said. "He promised to help me beat a carpet, but he hasn't come."

"Well, mum," giggled Simeon, "if you'll call your dog I believe you'll acquire circumstantial evidence of the deacon's good intentions."

But Miss Cullen's deafness prevented her catching the drift of the remark. "Anyway," she replied, aggrieved, "it seems to me that if a man won't keep his promise to a woman before he marries her he won't do it afterward."

"That's so, mum," answered Simeon, "right if you'll let me help you I'll be glad to do it. I've just got to beat a carpet or somethin' to keep my mind off that man's sprightly abilities or I'll be a physical wreck."

"Then come right in, Mr. Yates," she said, beaming smilingly upon him, "I appreciate your kindness very much."

"Don't mention it, mum," gurgled Simeon. "Now, if you'll just show me"—

"Well, first," she said, gazing into his eyes affectionately, "there's a feather bed upstairs, if you'll throw it out the winder for me."

Up the steps went Simeon, but when he reached the top he heard some one knocking on the front door. Glancing out the window, he saw Deacon Partridge on the stoop below, gazing uneasily about and acting more nervous than otherwise.

Catching up the feather bed, Simeon pushed it through the opening and chuckled to himself as he saw it fall squarely upon the deacon's head and bear him to the ground. In another instant a heavy mattress had followed it.

"Now, Miss Cullen," observed Simeon when he had gone downstairs again and opened the door, "if you'll come and sit on the stoop and rest, mum, I'll"— He noticed with satisfaction that something was wriggling desperately under the feathers.

"Oh, you are so considerate, Mr. Yates," chirruped Miss Cullen, following him out of doors. "Some men are so thoughtless of others' comfort. Now, do you know," she added, setting herself on a step with her back toward the bedclothes, "I believe that the deacon wouldn't care how hard his wife worked just so he had good clothes to wear and plenty of nice things to eat." The feather bed was moved convulsively.

"Well, Miss Cullen," began Simeon, "I've always thought that if I had a wife I'd treat her like a wife ought to be treated."

Miss Cullen coughed softly and dropped her eyes. "Mr. Yates," she asked presently, glancing at him bashfully, "why don't you get married?"

"If I thought I could get the right kind of a woman," Simeon stammered, "a woman like you, now"— The bed and mattress fairly rose in the air. Simeon turned his head and coughed violently.

"Oh, Mr. Yates," broke in Miss Cullen, blushing becomingly, "if I thought that you would have that I would make you a good wife"— She dropped her sparkling eyes groundward. The feather bed shook with renewed energy.

"But I thought you said that you and the deacon"— began Simeon.

"Oh, no!" Miss Cullen interrupted. "I only meant that the deacon wanted to marry me. Why, Mr. Yates, you've no idee how that persistin' old hypocrite has pestered me." The bedding experienced a sudden terrific upheaval. Simeon acted as if he were going to explode. "Why, if I had let him I honestly believe he would have got down on his knees. I know I ain't as young as I once was, but I reckon I know a man when I see one. Now, you, Simeon"— Again she glanced at him shyly.

"Well, then," said Simeon, his eyes twinkling, "if I should ask you to marry me would you promise to"—

"O-h, Simeon!" blushed Miss Cullen softly. "I—I—yes, I believe I would Simeon."

"Would you promise," continued Simeon, pinching himself to keep from laughing aloud when he saw something under the feather bed behaving scandalously—"would you promise to sick your dog on that old idjit of a Deacon Partridge if he hangs around here any more?"

No sooner had he uttered those words than from the midst of that pile of household necessities there came the visible indications of a terrific storm, followed by the subdued but unmistakable sound of ripping cloth and the next second feather bed, mattress and deacon arose in concert, and there, in the astonished presence of Miss Cullen, stood Partridge, his arms and legs tangled in the environments of blue striped-ticking and his head and shoulders covered with a speckled coating of downy feathers. Feathers protruded from his eyes; feathers vibrated on the end of his nose; feathers waved majestically from the tips of his ears. He couldn't see or hear or speak for feathers. He could scarcely breathe for feathers.

"Pooh, pooh, pooh!" he puffed, blowing great bunches of feathers from his mouth. "Ahchoo! Ahcho-oo!" he sneezed. The tears were running down his face, making the feathers stick the closer to his scarlet cheeks.

Miss Cullen sprang to her feet, pressed her trembling hands to her eyes and shrieked.

"Well, well!" said Simeon, regarding him, with overmastering lilliefy. "Well, well, this is the first time I ever see a partridge runnin' around half picked. Say, why don't you go out be hind the barn and shiny yourself?"

The deacon could not speak. He could not do anything but open and shut his mouth like a chicken with the gapes and go "Cut, cut, cut!"

"Why, he thinks he's an old setting hen!" exclaimed Simeon, eying him wonderingly. "Shouldn't wonder but he'll be a-scratchin' up your flower beds next, Miss Cullen." Say," he added to the perspiring deacon, "why don't you fly up in a tree what ain't to roost again?"

"I—I didn't come here to be lambasted at," whimpered Partridge, extricating himself from the chicken coop and feathers with a flirt of his coat tails. "I—I—I'll"—

"Huh! I bet you do. I'll"—

"I tell you I can't stand to be insulted by no squatty old hippypotamouse!" shrilled the deacon angrily.

"Rather be a hippypotamouse than to be a featherweight," snapped Simeon. "If you're so blame brave, why don't you flap your wings and crow? Why don't you let folks know that you're a Shanghai that's not afeard of anything in the barnyard even if your pinfeathers ain't all grown out?"

"I'm a man of peace, Brother Yates," replied Partridge meekly. "I'm an elder in the church, and I don't want to get mad, and I don't want to swear"—

"May be that you're turnin' to an angel," retorted Simeon doubtfully, "but you look to me more like a dominicker that's too thin to bile and too tough to fry. Anyway, you ought to know that Miss Cullen's front yard ain't no place for a poultry show."

"Got as much right here as you have, you old b'iled lobster!" screamed the deacon wrathfully. "Ain't I, Miss Cullen?"

"Well, really, Mr. Partridge," snickered Miss Cullen, looking happily at Simeon, "now that Mr.—that Simeon and me are engaged—of course"—

"You see, Brother Partridge," exclaimed Simeon, "the lady has decided that she isn't hankerin' to marry anybody that has a mania for breakin' limbs off of trees, smashin' down fences and rippin' open feather beds. Besides, there's the dog." Partridge glanced around uneasily. "You know, deacon, when a dog once gets a taste of a bone"—

"I certainly extend my congratulations," sneered the deacon, scowling at Simeon, "and I hope I haven't intruded."

"Don't mention it, Brother Partridge," Simeon grinned. "But, now, if you'll step into the house and let us finish pickin' you. Feathers is feathers these days, deacon, and we can't be overparticular what kind of a bird they come off of."

What's the Use?

"Does wealth bring real enjoyment?"

"Naw. They won't let you eat the grub you like or wear the clothes you consider classy or listen to the music you understand or even put a cast iron dog on the lawn."—Kansas City Journal.

Envious of the Immune.

Little Henry (at the table, to the visitor)—I wish I were like you. Visitor (flattered)—Why, little man? Little Henry—Because no one boxes your ears when you eat with your fingers.—London Opinion.

One Cure.

"I believe I'll rock the boat," declared the man in the stern.

"Don't do it," advised his companion. "It might discharge this unloaded pistol I have in my jeans."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Be a Booster.

Be a booster. The knocker is usually the man who waits for something to turn up or tries to get something for nothing.—Salt Lake Tribune.

A man never borrows the scales of justice for the purpose of weighing the shortcomings of his neighbor.—Chicago News.

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